No. 225 (New Series). Vol. 5. July 11, 1936

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Flight into Fantasy

● The astrologer wrote down the day and hour and date of his and Rosalie Stephens' birth

A Complete Story

by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

ILLUSTRATED BY SINCLAIR CALOW

THE dinner party bored James Hamilton to death. They were nice people, keeping the conversation to things heard, read and seen, and warding it off realities as delicately as if their souls and intellects were tainted.

Back in London after three years out East, he was appalled and angered by the impersonality and objectiveness of the small social world into which he had been pushed by his sister.

Suddenly the girl opposite him, a pale pretty creature with nut-brown hair, was speaking.

She said: "Perhaps there is something in astrology after all."

He said mischievously and maliciously on pure malice: "Something in astrology! There is *everything* in astrology!"

"Everything?" said his hostess. "Do you believe in astrology?"

"I rule my life by it," he said brazenly.

"When were you born, Mr. Hamilton?" said the nut-brown girl.

"In December."

He supplied the date and saw her face flame rosily.

Someone cried out across the table: "Why, that's the date of your birthday too, Rosalie. You are twins."

She said: "The same stars must rule us both, if there is anything in it, Mr. Hamilton. Do you cast your own horoscope?"

He said: "Always. Every week. I never do a thing without consulting the stars."

It was a lie. He knew the names of the constellations, of course. He could pick out the various stars with ease, and had done so lying on his back in the open air in many countries, outside a tent, beside his horse or car. The stars had roofed him thousands of nights.

"Oh, would you cast my horoscope for me? It wouldn't be any trouble. Just send me a copy when you cast your own. Our dates would be the same. We would be subject to the same influences."

He acceded that gravely.

The talk round him broke into bright spurts of sudden personality, personal experience, personal beliefs. It trailed inevitably from astrology to religion, and he became bored again; profoundly bored.

That night his irritation would not permit him to sleep. He was aware of his own intolerance and yet he enjoyed it.

Towards three this slightly malicious traveller of thirty-two sat up and wrote his predictions for the week for the girl with the russet hair who had given him her name and address.

Monday.

A good day for all financial deals. You should be ruled by your own ambition. Ask for a rise. Claim advancement rather than supplicate it. A good day for the Stock Exchange stocks and shares.

Tuesday.

A day of slight domestic difference. Care should be taken to retain placidity of outlook. Careful of street accidents and keep a watchful eye on all money matters.

Wednesday.

A good day for the furtherance of personal romance, for the creation of new friendships and the cementing of old friendships.

Thursday.

A crisis of a domestic kind. Illness. Accident. The utmost caution should be taken to preserve equanimity of nerves and steadiness of outlook.

He filled the rest of the week in, laughed a little and posted the letter.

Give her something to think about, anyway; placid white girl with the russet hair and the russet eyes and the funny little dreamy manner.

He had a little note from her.

"Dear Mr. Hamilton,

"I hardly know how to thank you for the week's forecast. I have been discontented in my job for some time. On Monday I suddenly made up my mind and went to the 'boss' and gave notice.

"I have now an increase of two pounds a week and a position of increased importance.

"I really don't know how to thank you. You are wonderful. I hope the day was good for you, too.

"Rosalie Stephens."

He laughed and he laughed. It took a little bit of boloney to shake these women into personalities.

On Wednesday he met her quite by chance. He had never expected to be on the spot on which he encountered her. He had never expected to find her there. Her eyes widened. She was a little white and breathless.

"Why, Mr. Hamilton, how extraordinary! In the ordinary way I should have been in the office at this time. I have been to the hospital, just up there, with some fruit for the 'boss' for his sister who is ill there. There is something a little uncanny about it, isn't there?"

He said, gravely: "I see nothing uncanny. The stars foretold it."

He had remembered his prophecy for that day. He was amused and cynically intrigued by her absurd babyish solemnity.

He said: "Are you going back to the office?"

"Oh, no."

"Then come to tea with me," he said. "I noticed a comic little place just round the corner with masses of sticky cakes in the window."

She said, starry-eyed, and rather frightened: "Oh, but it is simply unbelievable, isn't it?"

He agreed that it was.

They liked each other at tea. He found her mind cool, rather than cold. She had a neat sense of humour tucked away under shyness.

The following Monday he heard from her.

"Dear Mr. Hamilton,

"You remember your last prophecy for the week? I don't suppose you will be surprised. I'm scared. Father was brought home from the office desperately ill. We have had two nurses and a specialist in the house almost ever since.

"Everything this week has come true. I can't help being scared stiff, and yet there is a tremendous feeling of importance and of safety.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful that I met you. You have altered the whole of my life.

"Oh, I'm too bewildered to write more, and yet there is a terrific excitement and new joy of living in all this.

"Please, please send me next week's horoscope."

James Hamilton, agnostic, man of the world, traveller, explorer, civil engineer, public school, disillusioned Conservative, sat down with a bump, with a face as white as a sheet.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING *Flight into Fantasy*

"My God!" he said. "Can you beat it?"

◆ ◆ ◆

James Hamilton had known all about life. At least he had not bothered about the bits he did not know much about, which is masculine.

If he had upset Rosalie Stephens's conception of life with his bogus stars, his pseudo-astrology, those same stars had upset his.

He found a professional astrologer. The man made him as nervous as a great specialist. He was a mild little fellow who took the stars as much for granted as his client took the earth.

He wrote down the day and hour and date of James Hamilton's birth, and he copied from the pocket book where James Hamilton had obediently written the date and hour of Rosalie Stephens's birth as supplied by her that night of the dinner party.

He was matter of fact about the whole thing. For a pound each he would cast their horoscopes by the week and send them to James Hamilton's service flat.

The jargon was different from that originally offered by James Hamilton to Rosalie Stephens, so he altered the jargon and left the facts unaltered.

He found that on the Tuesday of that week he would receive an immediate offer of work which would add considerably to his reputation, income and advancement.

He laughed. He lay back in his chair and laughed at the stars in their courses, at the astrologer in his studies, at this mumbo-jumbo magic with which people insisted in infesting the reality of their lives.

On the day prescribed by the stars he received an offer from a wholly unexpected source to undertake work of considerable importance in Nigeria. He was so struck all of a heap by this that he went round on impulse to Rosalie Stephens's to impart the strange coincidence to her. He had to give his decision in twenty-four hours.

The maid said: "I think Miss Rosalie would like to see you, sir."

She came to him, wrung dry and almost withered by sleeplessness and worry.

His heart turned over at the sight of her.

She said: "It is the crisis. The specialists are with him now. They do not know. No one knows. Don't go, and don't talk! I like you being here."

Sensing her dire need, somehow deeply pleased by it, absorbed by it, he stayed until three that morning. He went away after making her take aspirin, and was back again at nine.

He stayed with her all that day, leaving only for lunch and tea so as not to give the servants trouble.

At midnight the crisis had passed. Her father was saved.

He realised that he had also lost his job. He did not tell Rosalie Stephens. He told her only soothing and tender things and was surprised at his own capacity for them.

The next fortnight's bulletin from the stars, the reading by the little man, contained nothing of importance for either of them. Minor influences at work, but nothing concrete; certainly nothing startling.

He saw Rosalie nearly every day. It was so easy as to be effortless. It was so natural that he should call for her in the car and sometimes take her, and sometimes her and her mother, in it for brief runs into the country.

Almost without noticing it he was incorporated in the warm placid weave of the Stephens' family life.

Every day he meant to write to the little astrologer and break free from the thraldom and excitement of his weekly forecast, and every week he put it off.

Rosalie would look at the stars sometimes and say in a shaken voice, "It's funny to think that they influence us."

Then one day he got a seven days prophecy from the astrologer that shook him out of his pleasant apathy and set him again on the concrete road of realists. Up till the sixth day, the Saturday, it was as pleasantly non-committal and adroitly phrased to fit everybody as all the other prophecies.

On Saturday it came into the open.

It said: "A grave danger threatens the beloved. The nature of it is obscure. It appears to be, by the influences at work, physical rather than moral or spiritual. Extreme watchfulness over the actions of the beloved would be advisable."

Then James Hamilton, the realist, knew himself captive in some miasma of the intellect to which he had voluntarily submitted himself. He struggled to break free. He sought the stark cold ascendancy of reason and logic.

"It is nothing," he said to himself. "I utterly disbelieve it."

To Rosalie, when she demanded the week's horoscope, he said:

"Oh, honestly, I think it's gone on far enough. It was a joke in the beginning. It is the law of coincidence, you know, really. The chances of a given thing happening in a given time to a given number of people."

He explained it very logically.

"Aren't I going to get this week's readings?" said Rosalie.

"Yes, my dear, if I remember to write them."

"Please," she said, and made him promise. He kept his promise.

On the Friday night he didn't sleep at all. But he was rushed and he sent her the astrologer's original.

He woke feeling burnt out with inner conflict, but he was the same balanced, logical business man.

He said: "I will break this. I will go into the country and see my aunt. I'll get out of it all, and when I come back the day will be over and she'll be as safe as houses, and this idiotic spell of boloney will be broken."

He 'phoned her, casual, and nonchalant, and friendly, and said he was going to see his old aunt in Sussex, and what was she doing?

"I'm going to stay at home with Mummie and help her make some new curtains," said a still, small, rather disappointed voice.

He thought with a wave of salty relief: "Stay indoors and make curtains all day! Well, *that's* safe enough, anyway."

He had lunch with the old lady. He had tea with the old lady. He stilled himself and had supper with the old lady. The spell *should* be broken!

At nine o'clock, before he started for London, he yielded to irresistible impulse and rang up Rosalie's house.

"Can I speak to Miss Rosalie?" he said casually.

The maid's voice sounded frightened.

"We don't know where she has gone, sir. She went out quite unexpectedly. She has never done it before—and she's left no message. The Mistress is so upset. Here is the Mistress."

He heard Rosalie's mother crying on the other end of the 'phone.

She said: "Oh James, what on earth does she mean? I found this note on her dressing table. 'I can't stand it any more. I'm going. The stars may be right.'"

"What did she mean?" he said hoarsely.

"I don't know," said Rosalie's mother. "Oh James, the kitchen door's right open and I know they are listening. I daren't tell her father. I am so afraid. It is so unlike Rosalie."

◆ ◆ ◆

He drove like the wind to town. He knew panic, raw-boned panic such as he had never known for himself. It had the quality of life in it, this panic, then terrible iron shutting down of the imagination.

He reached Mrs. Stephens's house. At the door he moistened his dry lips with his tongue and tried to articulate. Never had he known such strange frustrated fury of living as this fear gave to him.

Mrs. Stephens came to him at once, gently motioning the maid aside. She was ashen and her eyes were starting out of her head.

She drew him into the drawing-room and said: "She was so happy. You were in love with her? You are in love with her?"

"Desperately," he said, and heard his voice like the voice and the language of another man.

"Girls!" she said. "They do such neurotic things. Oh James, you don't think . . .?"

● Rosalie would look at the stars and say, "It's funny to think that they influence us"

They sat together suddenly on the sofa, holding hands.

He rang up the police station. Quietly, quietly so that they should not hear in the kitchen. They were like conspirators. He was quiet suddenly, and very masculine.

The police were kindly but perfectly useless. They made suggestions. They would get the machinery in motion.

At midnight the telephone rang. It was a message from his aunt's house.

It was Rosalie's voice. She was crying.

She said, because her mother was the first to reach the telephone:

"Please tell me! I've rung up James's flat and he isn't there. Please tell me, is he with you?"

James sprang at the telephone.

He said: "Where are you?"

She said, crying incoherently: "Your life was threatened! I hired a car and a safe driver. I am with your aunt. When I came here you had gone. I was too late. I wanted to have you driven back at twelve miles an hour."

He could have laughed, and yet something in him was as far from laughter as it had ever been in his life.

Her mother said, wringing her hands, one hand on his shoulder: "She must have hired Mason. He is an owner driver, a garage man near

here. We hire him sometimes."

He spoke to Rosalie softly on the telephone.

"Don't worry, my darling. I'll come and fetch you."

"No, no!" she said. "I've got Mason here. Now that I know you are safe it will be perfectly all right. You stay where you are and I will drive back with Mason."

He heard his voice, quite vehement, quite fierce.

"No one is going to drive you, Rosalie, but me. You can send Mason back. Look here, don't argue, my girl. I'm on my way."

He heard her say: "I can't bear it. I can't stay here and wait for you to be killed on the way down."

That steadied him. This was really lunatic talk and lunatic behaviour on both their parts. They had swung too far out of the normal, however exciting the mental and emotional adventure might be.

He said steadily: "Don't be idiotic. It's just that I prefer to drive you myself. I've never had an accident either. I've got a clean licence, too. Now just you send Mason back and sit down and talk to my aunt like a good little girl until I come."

He drove steadily through the rather unpleasant starless night. There was a drizzle. He was oblivious to weather.

No place in all this world had ever seemed so triumphantly home and a nest as that car, empty and waiting for Rosalie. So strong was the sense of personal possession in it that it might have been a house he had built with his own hands, brick by brick, for his beloved.

Driving in his car he had that supreme sense of completion and achievement.

The trained nurse had put his aunt to bed. She apologised. She seemed surprised at his advent and surprised at Rosalie's presence. He felt that they had successfully upset the decorum of the sick room.

Rosalie was composed and courteous. He was grateful for her composure, oddly delighted and soothed by her courtesy.

He tucked her in and they drove off wordlessly.

By and by she said in a small, shaken voice: "I'm sorry if I've been a fool. I had got a blind terror that you'd be killed. I couldn't fight against it."

He said: "Don't apologise. I got it, too. That same blind formless fear that if anybody but myself drove you back something might happen. I've an idea we are a couple of boobs."

"But I like the boob feeling more than I've ever liked any feeling I have ever had in my life."

"That goes for me, too," he said like a schoolboy. "Darling, we've got to stop this star stuff."

"All right," she said meekly. "I shall always feel, you know, that there they are watching over us. It's given me a feeling of importance, of solidarity that I shall never lose. I owe that to you."

He said: "Well, all I know is that it has been the rummest go I have ever known."

Then he told her how it started, quite frankly and baldly.

"I was fed up with that beastly dinner party. I sprung that astrology bunk out of sheer boredom. I knew the names of the stars, of course. My father taught me when I was a kid, and I learned at school; but beyond that they didn't mean a thing. Then, when I struck lucky out of the lucky dip that first week with you, I got sort of intrigued and half scared. I found an astrologer's address in a paper. I went to him. Oh well, you know the rest! We are through with the stars, duckie! We are really. It has been fun and exciting and mysterious and everything else you like to call it, but it will weaken us and muck things up if we go on. Quit starring about, shall we? Is that a promise? You never noticed, but I cut off the fancy heading and sent you the original this week."

"It is a promise," she said.

Then followed an atmosphere of domestic peace and harmony that he had only guessed could exist between a man and woman. It was at once so simple, so uncomplex and so completely restful in its mutual exchange.

"That's a good girl," he said.

It seemed to him that no comment in the world could have contained so much fundamental marital satisfaction.

It was half past two when he finally got back to his own service flat. There was one letter for him. It had the usual trailing constellation of navy blue stars in the left-hand corner, and the quotation from Dante:

> "If thou," he answered, "follow but thy star,
> Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven"——

which was the little astrologer's trademark.

It contained a slightly agitated personal letter.

"Dear Sir,

"I very much regret that my secretary who has since been taken to a hospital with spinal meningitis, and is dangerously ill, has inadvertently muddled up this week's readings.

"You will find if you look at the one that has been sent to you it is dated for those born in September, between the date of the 18th and 25th.

"I very much regret this error. The correct reading is enclosed."

He verified the explanation. It was correct. His reading was dated for those born in September between the 18th and 25th.

He could not resist it. Suddenly he felt absurdly light-hearted, gay. He was in possession of his familiar world of things and precepts, actualities and realities; his comfortable concrete world—so he rung his Rosalie up and his Rosalie answered.

She still sounded apprehensive.

"Oh darling, you frightened me so! I thought after all it might be a hospital and something had happened."

"Don't be so silly, dear. Look here, the old boy's secretary has had the hebejebees."

"What old boy?"

"The astrologer bloke!"

He was back in his own safe familiar world, his own safe phraseology.

"She is in hospital and she got things muddled before she went. I've just looked at the prophecy for the week and it is the wrong one. Check up on yours. I sent it to you. Do you remember you made me promise? It was very stupid of me to have kept that promise."

She said: "But mine is dated correctly. I've got it here beside me. The birth date is perfectly correct. It is the same as always."

"Read it out," he said.

They read the prophecies out aloud together, simultaneously. They were identical word for word. Star wisdom for September and December were identical. They finished their chant almost together and there was silence.

Suddenly she said: "I expect there are astrologers who are real, you know."

"You bet there are," he said. "You bet if we'd asked for September or April or May, we'd have got the same packet of boloney this week."

She said: "I've been a little afraid, you know, really, underneath."

Suddenly they were laughing. Their brief flight of fear and fantasy was over. They were free of the un-understandable.

He was more relieved than she. They were comfortable ants and insects on the surface of the earth again, uncontrolled by heavenly destinies, celestial godfathers and godmothers.

"I am the Captain of my soul," he said. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it, old girl. Life is a matter of commonsense and keeping your head and not losing your nerve. That's what life is, my girl, and don't you forget it!"

The words were rich and salty, full of the masculine fibre of living as he knew it. As he spoke he felt a giant among men; fiercely protective, splendidly intolerant, undefeated and undefeatable.

He put down the telephone and drew back the curtains. The night had cleared. A handful of stars hung small and shining in the immense skies. As he stared at them he thrust out his lower lip and squared his jaw. He felt at that moment as if he had only to reach up and they would crumble in his hand like glass.

RHAPSODY *in* RED—5 *by*

J. H. Squire

This is the concluding chapter in the thrilling life story of "Jack" Squire whose Celeste Octet has won radio fame throughout the Empire

"We seemed to be sitting on top of the world"

How I Lost Those Five-Figure

DURING some of my "best" years, when money rolled in from my own orchestras, from broadcasting fees, from gramophone companies and from music royalties, I have earned "a five-figure income" and found it easy to spend. But I thought twice before sacrificing the pension of twenty-eight shillings a week which would have come to me for doing another eleven years in the Navy.

Indeed, when I did finally "wangle" my discharge, I felt that I was taking a big risk, not so much of "going broke"—for that had happened too often to be very terrifying—as of leaving the sea and the Service and regretting both for ever afterwards.

It was "home service" that fixed me in the resolve to back my own luck. On leave, my cornet had earned me pocket money in the music-hall orchestras. Afterwards, when I had rejoined *Impregnable* at Plymouth, and had been transferred from there to the Admiral's band at Portsmouth as a 'cellist, I made enough "outside" money to believe that there was "bags of it" waiting to be picked up if I were only a free man.

My first shore engagement was to play the 'cello in a café trio three afternoons a week, and we were paid no less than half a crown a show for this job. Then I got "all ambitious" and offered to supply the afternoon music to the Mikado Café, a new venture in Palmerston Road. The proprietors engaged my first orchestra—piano, violin and cornet, with myself as 'cello—at five pounds a week. I felt that I was on the high road to fortune. I had started my career as a musical director.

Being about twenty-five at the time and earning, what with my Navy pay and this extra work, nearly three pounds a week, I was full of confidence. I did not even mind when the Café proprietors told me that they had engaged two girls, a pianist and a vocalist, to strengthen my band, though I was sorry to have to dismiss my own pianist.

Musically the exchange was a good one, for Miss Robertson, the new pianist, was a real artiste. I was warned that she knew more about music than I did, and that I should have to be very careful. Well, no man could have been more careful in the circumstances. Within a few weeks of her arrival I took Miss Robertson out to dinner and proposed to her. Strange though it may seem, she accepted me and we were married a couple of months later. She was richer than I was because her aunt sent her a five-pound note as a wedding present. That was our total capital and I bought my wedding garments from a tallyman.

Soon after this, being keener than ever to get on in the world, I went up to London one day and bluffed my way into the presence of a great American business man—J. B. Fuller, whose chocolate shops have since become world-famous. Then, as now, Fuller's headquarters were in Regent-street, but what interested me was the fact that he had decided to open a café in Portsmouth only a few doors away from the Mikado, where I was working.

"J. B." came over from the United States as a newspaper reporter to write up one of the exhibitions at Earl's Court. He took an empty stall just as an experiment and started to make "pop corn." This "pop corn" was an instant winner, so much so, that he gave up newspaper work and settled down in this country for good.

"Young man," he snapped, "you've forced your way into my private office. Your business ought to be important and I'll give you five minutes to prove that it is."

He listened in complete silence while I expounded my belief that his new Portsmouth venture must have an orchestra to compete with the opposition, and couldn't have a better or more economical one than the one which I could provide.

"You've taken three times as long as my 'five minutes,'" he said at last, "but you seem to have an idea. How much for your band?"

"Six pounds a week!" I retorted firmly.

"Doesn't seem too high," nodded "J. B." "If I can get a music licence, you can start on Monday. I'll write you. Now I'm busy."

I went back to Portsmouth on air. Monday came and so did Fuller.

"Licence is fixed," he snapped. "What was your figure again—six guineas?"

My mind worked very quickly then and I don't know whether it was honesty, or policy, which decided my reply.

"Six *pounds*," I answered. "That's what I said, but if you like to make it guineas I should be very pleased."

He laughed and extended his hand.

"I knew it was 'pounds,'" said he, "but I thought you might try to put a fast one over on me. I'll make it guineas. Shake!"

That was the beginning not only of a long business association with J. B. Fuller, but also of one of the closest personal friendships of my life. Most people, who have probably had safe incomes all their lives, can hardly imagine how delighted we were, my first wife and I, with this new security at a "princely income."

Fuller always had a liking for me that went with a shrewd distrust of my "steadiness." Usually, when I told him of my ambitions and my eagerness to leave the Navy, he grunted, smiled at my wife, and said nothing. His silences were significant and my first wife, who has been dead for many years now, smiled with him and looked at me with an oddly speculative air.

When I sounded Mr. Dowell, bandmaster of the Admiral's band, about getting my discharge, he threw a pompous chest and told me that "'cellists in the Navy were scarce as strawberries at Christmas." I hinted that it did not matter to me whether the Navy did without a 'cellist from then on, and Mr. Dowell very properly ignored my levity.

No argument would persuade him to second my application. He liked me well enough, but he liked his band a whole lot better. I left him disconsolately and, in a pub that night, I fell in with a Sergeant of Marines who listened to my case much more sympathetically.

"Listen, chum," said he at length. "D'you think it would be worth a 'fiver' to you to get your papers?"

I said I was sure it would be cheap at the price. Upon that he implored me to leave it to him and drank three more double whiskies at my expense.

But the papers came through as promised. My Sergeant of Marines had made me fill up an application form and, in due course he told me to pack and leave for Headquarters, "saying nothing to nobody."

The next morning I played the colours up with the band in the usual way; then reported to the

FORTUNES

orderly sergeant and was sent immediately to Eastney Barracks. There I sought out my old friend Mr. Lidiard, who admitted that he had just received notification from the Admiralty of my discharge.

"It will be a month before the final papers come through," said he, "but you can go on leave for four weeks if you think that would help."

I cycled back to the Naval Barracks at Portsmouth and when Mr. Dowell reproached me bitterly for my absence since the colours had been played up that morning, I confessed that I had been up to Eastney Barracks to return kit before discharge, and was then on four weeks' leave! The old gentleman nearly exploded. He would not believe that my discharge had really come through and, even when the Commander had confirmed the news, Dowell could not forgive me for "doing it on him," hinting most openly that there must have been some "dirty work."

As to that I retain an open mind. I certainly paid my Sergeant of Marines five pounds for the achieved result, irrespective of the methods employed. He said, for what it is worth, that he did nothing but push my papers in front of the Captain on an exceedingly busy morning, and that the Captain, who was in a devil of a hurry, signed them without even reading them. At all events the papers went through, and there was I—Jack Squire—ex-naval bandsman, ex-middle-weight champion on the China Station, leader of a five-piece band in a local café—quit of the Service and free to carve my own fortune as a civilian.

Being the man I am, a few weeks of this particular freedom was enough for me. I had always had a longing to go to Canada and now, it seemed to me, the chance had come my way. And so I said to my first wife, "Listen; you can carry on with the band at Fuller's café while I go to Canada and try my luck."

"Go ahead, Jack," said she, and she smiled and sighed, and I booked my passage.

After paying for my ticket there was about three pounds in my pocket when I went on board, but I landed in Canada with nearly a hundred, thanks to meeting some fellows on the way over who were wrongly persuaded that they could play poker better than I could.

Canada was grand while the money lasted, but I was "clean broke" and looking for a job inside a fortnight. There was nothing doing for an untrained man. Carpenters and farm hands were in demand, but musicians were ten a penny—if that, for there were no orchestras.

When I was down to my last dollar or two I drifted on to a fair ground just outside Montreal, and there I found six husky men parading outside a big booth. A manager, in a fine top hat and tail coat, was doing "the spiel" outside and inviting all and sundry to walk up, put on the gloves with any of his "champions," and earn ten dollars if he could stand up for three rounds.

I looked all along the line and every one of those boys seemed "tough."

"Say, mister," I shouted to the 'boss.' "Do I have to fight a man my own weight, or do I have to batter that ten-ton bruiser of yours at the end of the row?"

The manager cocked his silk hat on one side and addressed the crowd in a super-gorgeous "spiel." He told them how utterly his outfit was "on the level"; how it welcomed all challengers, and how delightedly little Toni Caproni would knock the stuffing out of "this yer candidate for a free funeral."

Now Toni stood next to the heavyweight and he could certainly have given me a stone. But I was never a boxer in the technical sense of the word and I had won my fights mostly on knock-outs. And so, knowing that I was "broke" anyhow, I rather fancied the idea of having a slam at Toni, no matter what came of it. The Navy, it must be remembered, is a fairly hard school and I didn't worry much about a possible hammering.

In the end, after a record crowd had paid its admission money, I went into the ring under the canvas and beneath the naphtha flares. Toni, a grand fellow and a good pal of mine later on, out-boxed me handsomely for two rounds and may have been a little puzzled to know how I kept my feet and came back at him smiling for the third, in spite of a black eye and a cut lip.

Then he went in to finish it off a shade too easily. He left himself wide open and I slammed in one terrific finisher to the solar plexus. Toni went down and was still grinning unconsciously at the canvas roof long after the count had finished.

The "boss" held my hand aloft and presented me with the ten dollars amid a roar of cheering.

"I'm proud to hand you this purse," said he. "You're the only guy in four months who has ever knocked out one of my boys. And say! What a wallop that was! Son, ten bucks is cheap to see a punch like that! Where did you learn it and what are you doing?"

I saw him in his tent after the show was over, and Toni and the rest of the boys were there all eager to shake my hand. There and then I signed on at five dollars a week to join the outfit and fight all comers. It was grand fun. I stuck it for three months, licking scores of perfect strangers and taking two or three good hidings, but never failing to stand up for the full three rounds.

Usually it was a walk-over—just the business of a professional playing with an amateur and treating him fairly gently. But now and again—for we were touring all over Canada—some tough lumberjack would roll up, or a square-jawed, granite-hard miner, or some game and fancy "scrapper" whom one couldn't place, and then we fought "all out," and winner and loser were both apt to get a little hurt.

But how fit we kept and what a tang life had to it! There was a girl snake-charmer in another tent who, unfortunately, got rather fond of me and the heavyweight at the same time. I have always been a one-woman man and the snake-charmer lady didn't interest me at all, but I had to hammer the heavyweight just the same. She seemed to love him more than ever when he gurgled at her out of cut lips and ogled her with a blackened eye.

"All the luck in the world," I said. The "go-fever" was on me again and I sought out the Boss and was paid off from the circus, and took the next ship back home to England.

All this time, it must be understood, I never came near the really "big money." I won about a hundred pounds on the voyage home playing cards, joined the café band again, and then signed on as 'cellist in a ship's orchestra on the trans-Atlantic service.

But five months of this "cushy" seafaring was enough for me. We were paid from four to five pounds a month with a sixth share of the collection taken up at the end of each trip, and we were berthed and fed as second-class passengers. I found it hard to kill time and the collections were by no means large.

After my final voyage home I felt that I must try my luck in London, and Mr. Fuller kindly arranged that my wife should remain in charge of his Portsmouth café orchestra meanwhile. My mother was living at Harringay then on a very small pension, but her welcome was just as warm-hearted as ever, though she probably felt that her "Jack" would never settle down to anything long enough to make money.

(*continued on page* 10)

"I launched Irving Berlin's 'Yiddle on Your Fiddle; Play Some Ragtime'—the first foxtrot played in this country"

"Prepared to meet all comers"

"Once again we were in 'the big money'"

Continuing

RHAPSODY *in* RED

I began to think she must be right when I was down to my last tenpence and no work in sight. Walking home that evening, very depressed, I saw a woman begging on the pavement with two small children clinging to her skirts, and I gave her all my coppers, cursing myself for a soft-hearted fool as I went on my way. But the luck seemed to turn from that moment. There was a telegram. awaiting me from the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and it offered me my first real London job, playing in the orchestra "two houses nightly" for four and tenpence a night.

That odd tenpence stuck in my superstitious gambler's mind as a lucky omen. I started work immediately and, very soon afterwards, I "clicked" for another job, playing three evenings a week after the second house at Hammersmith in an hotel orchestra.

One job succeeded another but during all this time it was all I could do to scrape a living for my family and myself. Rather reluctantly, therefore, I took the next job offered on a liner once more. This ship happened to be the *Mauretania*, carrying none but wealthy passengers. The "collections" were proportionately big at the end of each trip and our income from this source came to four or five times as much as our official salary. As 'cellist I suppose I averaged ten pounds a week and all found, but it was darned dull work after life in the Navy, and I couldn't feel that I was really "getting anywhere."

We had four or five days in New York each run and I didn't waste my time ashore. Ultimately I got into touch with Ted Snyder, musical chief of the Ted Snyder Music Company Inc., on West 38th Street. The real brains of the firm was a man named Henry Waterson, who, for some unaccountable reason, took a great liking to me.

I was in his office one day when a little nervous Jew walked in and asked Waterson if he ever bought a song.

"Sure," said Waterson. "That's what we're here for. What have you got?"

The youngster sat down at the piano and played the first verse and chorus of a composition that instantly impressed me as grand popular stuff. Waterson evidently thought much the same thing, but all he said was, "Not too bad. Go away and finish it and you can look in again some time."

Oddly enough, the very next time I was in New York Waterson and I ran into this boy as we were returning from lunch.

"Say, Jack!" said my friend. "Isn't that the little guy that brought in a song the other day?"

He didn't wait for my reply, but ran across the road and grabbed the composer by the elbow.

"Hey, you!" he snapped. "Why haven't you been back with the finish of that song yet?"

"Gee, Boss!" gasped the young composer. "Did ya *mean* you wanted to see me again."

"Sure I meant it? Why wouldn't I?"

"Gimme about half an hour, an' I'll bring it round to your office."

He looked thin and rather shabby, but his face was alight with excitement. He turned and ran from us as though he had to catch a train.

And he was as good as his word. Within thirty minutes he was in Waterson's room, breathless, with the ink smudgy on his manuscript. He played his song through to us at once and Waterson asked him how much he wanted for it.

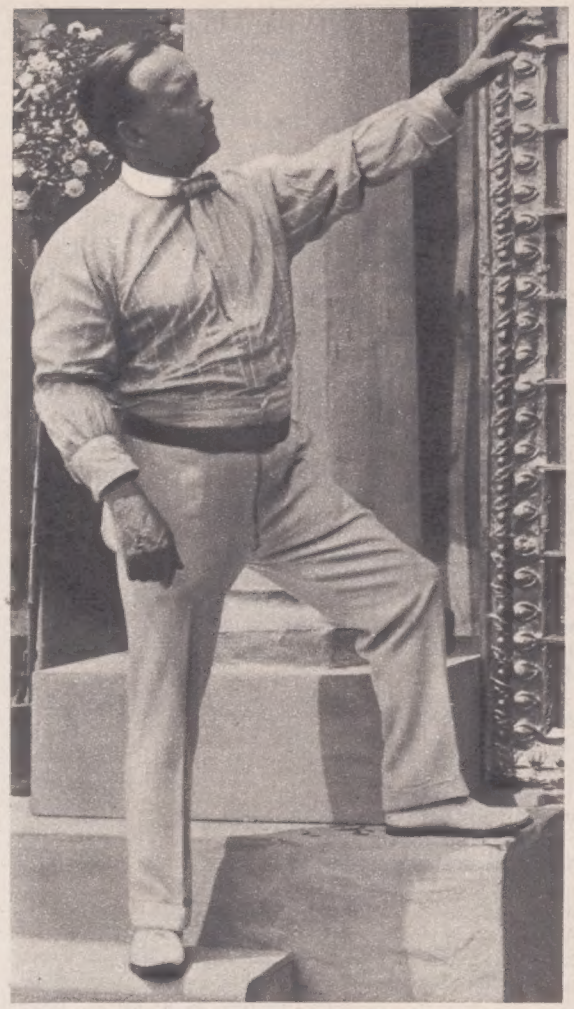
"How much?" the boy echoed. "How would I know? All I'm wanting right now is a real meal: I haven't had anything to eat for two days."

Waterson smiled—a sudden encouraging gleam of a smile that was quite different from laughter. "Then you'd better go feed right now," he said. "Sign this agreement and I'll pay you cash. When you come back, you might as well hang around the office for a while. Seems to me you can write the kind of stuff I'm looking for, and I guess we can find you a job."

The boy—for he was really not much more than that—went very pale and caught hold of the desk as though to hold himself up.

"You mean it, Boss?" he pleaded incredulously. "You're not kidding?"

Waterson placed twenty-five dollars on the desk in front of him. "There's the money; see that speak," he said, and so he concluded his first



Fred Karno. "I sold him an idea"

business deal with Irving Berlin, the world-famous composer of popular songs.

I came to know this brilliant young musician very well in the years that followed. Not long after the signing of that contract, I gave up the sea once more to become European Manager for the Ted Snyder Company, and when Berlin made his first trip to Europe it was I who showed him round London and introduced him to all the important figures in the theatrical world. It was I who launched Berlin's "Yiddle on your fiddle; play some ragtime!"—the first fox-trot ever played in this country.

As luck would have it, it was I who lost the chance to buy Irving Berlin's immense hit: "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—a song which is estimated to have earned eighty thousand pounds for the publishers! That was not my fault: it just happened that the American Company decided to close its London office and to sell the European rights of its catalogue, and those rights were sold, over my head as it were, to a higher bidder.

A few weeks later I went to see Fred Karno, who was then advertising for a small orchestra to play at his Karsino on Tagg's Island at Hampton Court. I sold him my idea, and left his office with the promise of an audition for the "finest small orchestra in the world," which had no existence except in my dreams.

From that interview and that boast was born the *J. H. Squire Celeste Octet*, a comparatively small individual musical unit, which has now been before the public for more than twenty years and which has become, I think, so well known as to be almost a household name in the Dominions as well as in Great Britain.

From that date onwards I never really looked back. Personally, I have always thought that "Success" is a rather dull sequel to that gripping first book called "Endeavour," and I shall make no attempt to describe in any detail the changing fortunes of my own life story after I had once reached the limelight and begun to draw what might be called "big money."

Some few things stand out in my memory that may be of interest. For instance, after the Karsino season ended, I signed on to supply the orchestra for the Queen's Theatre and a series of other engagements followed this until, at the beginning of the Great War I had become Musical Director for no less than six West End theatres at the same time, and all for rival managements. In addition to this, Tommy Vaughan, the famous director, put me into the Playhouse, where I remained for several seasons, and also persuaded Sir James Barrie to let me conduct "Peter Pan." For ten years without a break this immortal Christmas production was played under my musical direction.

It was a great disappointment to me that I could take no active part in the war itself. My health was much undermined by hard living and, I am afraid, hard drinking, too, and I was unconditionally refused for service by one recruiting office after another.

The year 1916 was a critical one for me. My first wife fell ill and died after a short illness. And my mother who was then eighty-three and a marvellous old lady for her years, had a stroke and was removed to a nursing home where she died.

Toward the end of this same fateful year I was ordered by my doctors to take a rest if I wished to avoid a serious breakdown. The warning was so urgent that I went to a Hydro and did nothing, disconsolately, for several days. Two young women—sisters and both of them pretty as well as charming—were stopping there at the same time, and I fell in love with the younger of these girls at sight.

It happened that I sat near them at dinner and we were introduced, I don't remember exactly how. In the most literal sense of the phrase, I fell in love with my present wife at first sight.

On the night after our first meeting I was strolling in the grounds of the Hydro by myself when I saw this girl—my own and only girl—walking back towards the house, sweet and pensive and all by herself.

I ran down a path to intercept her and, not knowing what possessed me, and quite reckless of any rebuff I might deserve, I caught her in my arms and cried, "Darling! You're mine from now on."

It was, I suppose, a singular wooing, but it was also the happiest day of my life, for she accepted me and we were married soon afterwards. Ever since then she has been, not only my very dear wife and comrade, but also the inspiration of all my activities. Together we made material progress so fast that, by 1920, I was making between £5,000 and £6,000 a year and had eighteen orchestras working for me!

We reached bigger figures than that. At one time we lived in a house at Beckenham which must have cost me at least two thousand a year to run, and I paid nearly three thousand pounds for the big car which I was then using.

Just when we seemed to be sitting "on top of the world" the luck turned. Theatres, which I had looked upon as "mine for life," suddenly underwent changes of management. The musical fashion of the day changed at the same moment, and within three weeks sixteen of my orchestras had closed down. We were about to give my annual birthday party, but I had been living fully up to my income, debts were accumulating, and there was nothing for it but to sell up the home itself.

My wife took the news like a sportsman.

"Never mind, Jack," said she. "There's just time to have the party before the house goes. We'll go out with flying colours and then start building up another home."

And so we did. We had to begin again in furnished apartments but, before long I "gate-crashed" the offices of the Columbia Gramophone Company—almost literally, for I broke a window to reach the presence of a man who wouldn't or couldn't see me—and began to make "records" for them in more senses than one.

Almost at the same time I began my long association with the B.B.C. Once again we were in the "big money" with engagements pouring in upon me from all sources. It was great fun while it lasted and I even saved money, none of which did me the slightest good, for I lost every penny of my little fortune in the Wall Street crash of 1930. For the second time in my life I had to tell my wife that I was "broke."

She rang for the maid and told her to bring in half a bottle of champagne. Then she poured out a glass for each of us and gave a toast with a laugh that was rather close to tears.

"Here's luck, old man!" said she. "We've lost one little fortune. Now we'll drink to the next."

And that's the spirit in which we are both facing the world to-day with our family.

"Jack-of-all-trades," they say, "and master of none." But I'm not worrying. I take my luck as it comes, convinced that money is only a small part of happiness, but none the less determined to find a winning streak again. And when you next hear my Octet over the air, be very sure that J. H. Squire has found life a grand adventure that has never lost its zest.

Short Short Story

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTRAM PRANCE

AT four o'clock in the afternoon Helen Mason saw her husband for the last time. Then they took her away down awful passages to the great gates. A friendly-looking warder turned a key in a big lock.

She passed through into the grimy street outside the prison, and the great gates closed behind her.

She did not go home. Now she had no home to go to. Only walls and tables and chairs. And pictures—photographs of what had been, before their life had smashed like this.

A photograph of Philip, taken that summer in Lyme Regis: "To Helen, with my love, Philip." Other photographs, from other summers.

And to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock. . . .

She did not go home. She could not go home.

She wandered along streets she had never seen before, lost in body as in mind. And along familiar streets, past familiar things, without seeing them. She came to districts as strange as her own life must be for the future.

At dusk she reached a big station and listlessly pushed open the door of the buffet. A cool marble table and a cup of tea. And a rest. . . .

Two men sat near the door, talking. Talking of Philip Mason, and The Case. . . .

Her fingers slipped off the door and it closed. She turned away to the draughty booking hall. Posters of gay seaside resorts danced before her eyes. Bognor, Bexhill, Swanage, Harvey Cove. . . .

Harvey Cove. A fortnight there in 1931.

She had to go somewhere. She had to rest. She had to go a long way, far away, from . . . what was going to happen. Somewhere where she would not know. If such a place was on earth.

She heard herself saying: "Two singles, Harvey Cove," and then correcting her mistake. Two. . . . Thinking Philip was still with her.

She was in a train and the train was moving, and she did not remember getting into the train or walking along the platform. She wondered if it might be the wrong train; did not know how it could be the right one, since she did not remember asking. Night was falling. Street lamps shone in little towns she passed. She closed her eyes.

Perhaps something would happen at the last moment, so that Philip would live and come back to her. The petition. . . . That had failed. Everything had failed. But perhaps——

A porter was calling: "Harvey Cove—Harvey Cove." She got out and the night air bit her cheeks.

Strange little town. Strange little town where, for two weeks in 1931, they had been so happy. Quaint, old-world little town, with the long black creek and the twisted wooden bridge.

An hotel. But she had no luggage. That would have to be explained. Even at a boarding house. Long explanations. *Talk*. . . . Suspicious glances. Withdrawals and whisperings. And a false name. That she must give.

She must buy some luggage. Pretend. But the shops in the old streets were closed. What did it matter? What did anything matter, least of all a roof. She walked on and on.

There was the tang of seaweed, a dark street she knew, a shop at the corner where once they had bought something. Together. She turned down the dark street.

There was a thin moon. The path led along the side of the creek to where the twisted wooden bridge came into sight. On a bank once they had sat side by side. On the bank she sat now, motionless, thinking, listening.

Perhaps something would happen at the last moment. . . .

Ten.

Strokes on a church clock. She counted them.

Then eleven. She did not remember thinking anything between the two, but she could not have sat there without thought for an hour. Her head seemed dazed. All she could do was wait for the chimes and count them and wait for the chimes again.

Twelve.

All the lights in the little town had gone out long since.

One.

Two.

Three.

The moon was setting behind the twisted wooden bridge. She did not move. Here was as good, or as bad, as anywhere else. There was no sense in moving. No sense in anything.

Four.

Five.

The moon was down and the dawn not yet here. It was black as night could be. Was Philip, too, counting the chimes.

She shuddered.

Six.

Six! Three hours. . . .

Ten.

Ten?

It was light. The water was full in the creek. Below the twisted wooden bridge a lonely man in a boat was fishing.

Ten? But. . . . She sat up, shivering. She must have slept. Ten! An hour since——

She was sobbing. For a long time she could not move. The distant clock struck eleven, before she could nerve herself to rise. Then, with heavy feet, she forced herself back to the dark street and the sleepy old town. She must *know*. Know beyond all doubt.

Something might have happened at the last moment.

There was a low Victorian shop with tiny panes in the High Street. Before it a row of contents-bills. Her weary eyes settled upon them. The Prime Minister was ill. In a world of tragedy that was all that seemed to matter. She raised the latch of the shop door and went in. A swinging bell above her head tinkled.

A swinging bell. . . .

A pleasant old man with glasses looked up from behind the counter.

"Yes, madam?"

She groped in her bag for a penny. And then, above the rim of her bag, her eyes found the pile of newspapers on the counter, folded so neatly, as if neatness mattered to anybody now, and across the tops of the columns on the grim front page of the uppermost paper, *the words*.

HANGED THIS MORNING.

She choked. Not a word would come. The pleasant old man with glasses was staring at her, amazed She heard him ask, from a great way off, what was wrong. She shook her head. She turned, and the swinging bell tinkled again.

"Queer," thought the pleasant old man with glasses.

She turned back into the dark lane, back to the creek. It was quiet and still by the creek, with nobody to see. The waters were still high. She walked down to their edge.

She kept on walking. There was a current soon, and it swept her feet away. She saw a seagull swoop above her head, heard its cry.

Then nothing. . . .

A man in a boat lifted her out of the water just below the twisted wooden bridge. He thought, at first, she was dead.

"What did you want to do it for?" he asked.

"They hanged him this morning," she whispered.

"Hanged *who?*" said the man.

But she had fainted.

◆ ◆ ◆

The pleasant old man with glasses removed the uppermost paper from a neat pile of papers on his counter, spread it neatly on his neat counter and read the headline across the top of the front page:

"PREMIER: CONDITION UNCHANGED THIS MORNING."

Then, down in the Stop Press corner:

"Last-minute discovery of new evidence led to the reprieve of Philip Mason in the early hours of this morning. . . ."

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Overtime for Holiday-Makers

by L. G. BRANSON

● Here's the inside story of the industry that provides you with facilities for taking a circus round the world or spending a week-end at Southend.

TRAVEL agencies, they call themselves. Believe me, though, there is far more to it than that. They are really slick modern factories turning out, not socks, or shoes, or motor-cars, but "ready-made" holidays by the hundred thousand.

Maybe you find the comparison a trifle hard to swallow. Every year now, visitors from abroad alone spend something approaching £25,000,000 in this country. That puts travel way up among our great basic trades.

No precise figures are available, but the total of persons engaged in this line of business must be pretty staggering. There are, of course, any number of agencies; some large, most of them comparatively small. Many, indeed, have sprung up like mushrooms during recent boom conditions. But for the most part the story of the travel industry tells of steady progress with curiously few high-lights, excepting the ban on foreign holidays following the 1931 crisis, which sent at least one big firm down for the count.

D'you know that gargantuan building just off Piccadilly; headquarters of an organisation that has been "selling travel" for not far short of a hundred years?

Step inside and watch the holiday wheels go round. To catch a glimpse of the whole complicated bag of tricks from the busy fellows in the reception hall (where you could quite easily lose half a dozen tennis courts) to the ultimate office-boy on the topmost floor. Like some super-efficient, smoothly running piece of mechanism, this; every cog working at high pressure to give us a good time.

First, though, let's look at the very beginning of it all. That was in 1841. Railways—with their "machines going at such a rate" (18 miles per hour, mark you!)—were still a more or less unwelcome novelty. But in the summer of that year a Leicestershire woodturner had the inspiration that helped to make Britain travel-conscious. His name was Thomas Cook.

Young Cook, a keen temperance worker, wanted to ensure the success of a meeting to be held at Loughborough. Suppose—revolutionary thought!—the railway company agreed to run a "special" for it? Anyway, he'd ask them.

"We know nothing of you or your society, Mr. Cook," they said, "but you shall have the train."

So, by chance almost, was arranged the first publicly advertised excursion train in England. It carried 570 passengers from Leicester to Loughborough and back for a shilling a head. Bands played them to the station. A huge crowd was there to cheer the start.

Who could have guessed even dimly on that fine morning of July 5, 1841, at the shape of things to come? Certainly not the immortal "T.C." himself. But one trip led to another . . . and another. It didn't stop at that, either. By jove, no! Woodturning soon had to take a back seat.

Moving Troops

Let's read a milestone or two by the way: 1851 . . . 165,000 excursionists brought to the Great Exhibition in London; 1855 . . . giant strides forward, activities extended to the Continent; 1868 . . . J. M. Cook (son of the founder) travels 20,000 miles making new Continental contracts; 1884 . . . General Gordon beleaguered in Khartoum, 11,000 English and 7,000 Egyptian troops with 130,000 tons of stores moved; 1889 . . . 200,000 tourists conveyed to Paris Exhibition; 1890 . . . staff reacnes total of 1,700 assistants.

Now, after nearly fifty years of progress, "Cooks" is a household word. The firm has branches in the States, in Australia, India, the Far East, on the Continent; practically any spot on the globe you care to mention. It employs an enormous staff and fixes up hundreds of thousands of journeys each twelvemonth.

Their job is our holiday

What happens to the mail? Below: Birth of new holidays

Where visitors write home

Keeping the figures down

The postman calls again

Come along and see them in action, these people whose job is our holiday. Stand, as I did, at the elbow of one of the booking-clerks dealing swiftly with innumerable sorts and conditions of folk; three thousand daily at peak periods. In the space of ten minutes we had a man settling the preliminaries of a business trip abroad.

Another, obviously the complete cosmopolitan, green trilby at a rakish angle, at home in any of the capitals of Europe. An American woman prepared to spend £5,000 without a blink on her tour of the Old World. And a little mouse-like soul wondering whether she *could* afford Switzerland, or had it better be Bournemouth again after all.

Not to mention the lady who reported that her baggage had travelled quite safely, thank you, so might she please have the insurance premium back!

Whatever the requirement, these wizards dispose of it in the same imperturbable fashion. Juggling unconcerned with the intricacies of Continental time-tables, seat reservations, steamship berths, and goodness knows what besides. Romantic? Maybe, but go easy with the word here. They just don't look at it that way.

Tucked away upstairs you run across a host of administrative departments. "Few people have any idea of the immensely widespread ramifications of an industry such as this," remarked an official. "Nor, for the matter of that, do they realise the vast amount of detail work involved. One department, for instance, is wholly occupied in conducting the delicate negotiations with transport concerns, governments, hotels, and so on all over the world."

Have you ever wondered what actually happens when we send off a coupon cut from, say, THE PASSING SHOW? They showed me a staff of about 100 wrestling feverishly with floods of postal inquiries. Some of them were just coming up for air after handling 10,000 applications for the summer programme. On an average, more than 1,000 inquiries are dealt with by this department every day.

They Know Everything

Moreover, there is a battery of telephones as well; incessantly ringing. The chaps sitting at them are expected to have off pat the answer to any conceivable variety of query. It may be about a trip to Southend, or a journey across the Sahara. Encyclopaedia minds? You're telling me!

It's a fascinating business to be in at the birth of new holidays. Meet the bright particular boys responsible; labelled collectively as "Rates." The powers-that-be want to put out a different type of tour through Spain.

"Okay," replies Rates, after meticulous examination of the minutest details. "We can manage fifteen days for thirty guineas."

"Too much," decides Executive. "Make it twenty-eight." And they do, somehow. Snipping a bit off here and docking a fraction there. It is the science of whittling down costs perfected to the *nth* degree.

"What's more, if you went independently it would cost another 40 per-cent. at least," they told me. "But, then, you see, we buy travel on such a colossal scale."

Always, too, this squad of experts have their fingers upon the pulse of travel. One might, indeed, call it the "Intelligence" section. It receives advice of altered rates, new trains, cancelled sailings; a thousand and one odd scraps of information. Each one, mind you, to be handed on without delay to the appropriate branches and agents.

But for a touch of real Romance (gosh, that word again!) give me the place where, all neatly pigeonholed away, they keep stacks and stacks of magic slips of paper.

Tickets, of course; tickets for everything, to everywhere. Mostly, though, travel tickets in

(*continued on page* 15)

A simple way to a beautiful skin

Nothing is more attractive than the clear beauty of a perfect skin. Skin Beauty belongs to every woman; and here is a simple and certain way of preserving and enhancing this beauty:

Twice a day—at least—allow the rich creamy lather of Peerless Erasmic to exert its tonic and refreshing action on your skin.

Blended from the finest oils, and "creamed" no less than *twenty-six* times. Erasmic has an exquisite silkiness of texture and will leave your skin soft and well cared for.

In addition to the tonic action of Erasmic, the special *HERBAL* essences will confer a delightful fragrance which will harmonize with your favourite perfume. The large-size tablet of Erasmic lasts two to three weeks—6d. per tablet. Three-tablet boxes, 1/6. Rich Violet or Opal White.

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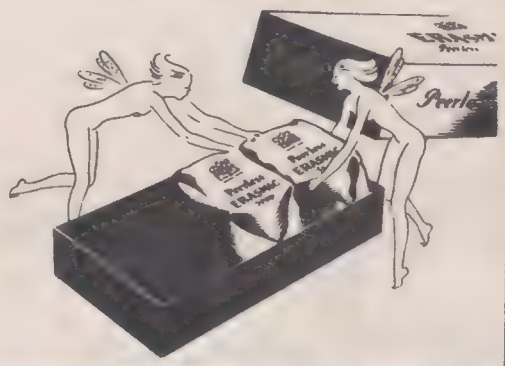

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Psst... RICE KRISPIES *for* LUNCH

Children always look forward to Kellogg's Rice Krispies with the keenest pleasure. The frisky little bubbles of pure toasted rice go snap, crackle and pop the moment cold milk or cream is added. The kiddies are fascinated and the flavour of Rice Krispies is so delicious that they never fail to eat heartily of this nourishing and easily digested cereal.

You can serve Rice Krispies for any meal. They are welcomed by the whole family—and a little fruit added makes a regal dish. No bother to prepare—no cooking. Serve straight from the inner-sealed WAXTITE packet which brings them crisp and oven-fresh to your table. Try them today. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
7½d Per Packet

459

Quick! — click!
the Bessa can capture it for you

With its shutter release (like a rifle trigger) cunningly fitted under the baseboard, the BESSA is remarkably quick to use, and snap-shots at high speed are free from shakiness and vibration. Economical, too, this BESSA, as it takes either 16 half-size or 8 full-size pictures on a standard 8 ex. 2¼ x 3¼ in. film. If you have not already seen the BESSA—one of the most advanced roll-film Cameras of to-day—visit your dealer now. With F/6.3 Voigtar Anastigmat lens in speeded shutter it costs £3 12s. 6d. With F/4.5 Skopar lens in Compur Shutter £8 8s. 0d. Other models from 52/6. Ask your dealer or send for the 1936 Voigtländer Catalogue to:—
SCHERING LTD. (Voigtländer Dept. 5), 188/192 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

ILLUSTRA FILM FOR SPEED AND SPARKLING NEGATIVES

Voigtländer BESSA

Own a NASH HOUSE for Happiness

FROM 15'7 A WEEK

Nash Houses give you new standards of health, comfort and convenience for the family. Well built and designed, they are planned to catch the sun, and save labour for the housewife. Each and every type is one which makes a happy home. Call and inspect them at the week-end.

Phone PINNER 2700 for car to take you round the estates.

BIG BOOK FREE

If you cannot call in the near future, send for FREE BOOK with coloured illustrations and details of Nash Houses.

HOW TO GET THERE

Travel by Piccadilly or Metropolitan Lines; and be sure to 'phone for car as mentioned above.

T.F. NASH LTD.
STH. HARROW, RAYNERS LANE, & EASTCOTE

Post now

T. F. NASH LTD., South Harrow, Middlesex.

Please send me your illustrated brochure with details of houses available at South Harrow, Rayners Lane and Eastcote.

Name.....

Address.....

They want to take their pets away with them

"And shipping sundry other wild beasts . . ."

CONTINUING Overtime *for* Holiday-Makers

countless combinations and permutations that would take you to the ends of the earth.

"Just how many different kinds have you, precisely?" I asked.

"Impossible to say off-hand," answered the clerk-in-charge. "But we could do you one to Paradise. Or even Hell, if it comes to that."

I learnt of the tremendously keen foreign competition for our custom. For example, you can travel at a 70 per-cent. reduction in Italy, so long as a stay of twelve days is being made in the country. Switzerland, similarly, offers a 30 per-cent. cut provided one remains there for six days. Germany is more generous still with 60 per-cent. discount for seven days' stay.

"Soon we'll be giving the darn things away," he grinned.

Miracle Machines

How would you care to tackle the accountancy of an enormous enterprise of this description? Personally, imagination rather wilts at the mere idea. Before "mechanisation" was thought of, the account given to one railway alone for the sale of tickets during a month might entail the writing of 100,000 separate figures.

Now, fortunately for someone, all that is done by a handful of fantastically clever machines. Aided and abetted by quick-witted, nimble-fingered girls, they strike a balance almost before ordinary folk like you and I can put two and two together. And if these robot brains don't really think—well—it's as near as makes no odds. Actually, I believe, the secret has something to do with pins picking out certain holes punched in a series of record cards. Exactly *how*, heaven (and presumably the inventor) alone knows.

Publicity chanced to crop up somehow. "There must be a whale of a lot of holiday stuff published?" I hazarded, innocently. Instead of replying they led me down into one of the basements.

Here, on tap as it were, is stored a cool 7½ *million* pieces of holiday literature. All shapes, sizes, and subjects. They range from brochures about Colwyn Bay to those on Timbuctoo. It is nothing for these merchants to distribute 50,000 copies of the summer programme in a single week. Cook's own advertising bill, by the by, runs into hundreds of thousands sterling; well in excess of £100,000 for this country alone.

Strictly speaking, I suppose, the freight-shipping wallahs ought not to figure in a story of *holiday* travel. They turn the spotlight, though, on an unexpected aspect of the business. Normally a fairly drab sort of job this, you'd say. It has its moments, nevertheless. Take, by way of example, that little matter of some pygmy elephants, leopards, cheetahs, and sundry other wild beasts shipped home for Martin Johnson, the animal big shot.

And they were responsible, too, for transporting the gear required for shooting the *Rhodes of Africa* film on location. Altogether, 110 cases went to Bulawayo; filled with hats, feathers, period clothing, assegais (made of rubber—just in case, you know), and all the rest of it. Afterwards, the complete outfit had to be brought back again, plus film.

One can get an accurate line on the prodigious modern growth of this holiday business through the development of the W.T.A.—the Workers' Travel Association. It started operations in 1922 with 700 Continental trips and a turnover of £8,000. Within four years the figure had bounded to £50,000. Twelve months later it topped the £100,000 mark. Nowadays they reckon to book each season holidays for more than 30,000 people who pay altogether well over £350,000.

Even a baby elephant never forgets if they treat him well when he's on tour

One Man's Fun . . .

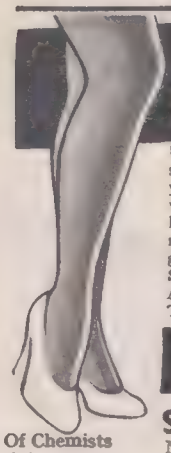
This, incidentally, is unique in the way of travel organisations: born out of a discussion by a group of visitors to the International Labour Office at Geneva. Active contact between peoples, they argued, materially assists in smoothing out the difficulties and frictions between nations. So why not make a genuine contribution to world peace by bringing foreign travel within the reach of practically everyone? And couldn't that be done by working the whole arrangement on a co-operative instead of a profit-making basis? With the late Cecil Rogerson as secretary they set about finding the answer.

Pretty cool, eh? Particularly when you recollect that not one of them had the least idea of the technique of the job. There was no capital. No assets bar tremendous enthusiasm. Not even an office. But Dr. J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall, came to the rescue with an offer of accommodation. The W.T.A., no longer just a pious hope, took the first step to triumphant success.

There, in a couple of nutshells, you have the kind of thing that is going on right throughout the travel industry. No matter whether your fancy runs to an inexpensive week-end at Margate, a spot of salmon fishing in Norway, or even a big game safari, they will produce it for you—simple as buying a hat. But a good many of them often work until nearly midnight during the summer months to do it!

"Frankly, there seems no end to the market for travel," I was informed, "and it will be surprising if 1936 doesn't knock all previous records on the head."

So here's to the Holiday-Makers. I hope they'll enjoy their own—when they get 'em!



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Use NURONA and bask in the sun, happy in the knowledge that your skin will quickly bronze without burning. NURONA keeps out the harmful burning rays while encouraging a natural glowing tan. ALSO A SOOTHING APPLICATION AFTER OVER-EXPOSURE TO THE SUN.

NURONA

SUN TAN CREAM

Non-greasy—pleasant to use
Also NURONA Sun Tan Cream (without colour)

Of Chemists 1/- per Bottle

If your Chemist cannot supply, please send 1/3 to

James Woolley, Sons & Co. Ltd.
MANCHESTER, 3

"No cold for four years"

"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
B.S., Burnham-on-Sea.

Follow this good example and keep free from colds summer and winter. Keep Vapex handy—ready for use immediately you feel a cold developing. Breathe the vapour. Vapex destroys the germs in nose and throat, and soon the incipient cold is gone.

VAPEX
INHALANT
Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V147 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

After 2 Years' Baldness

Now This New Thick Growth

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since." H. A. WILD.

Are YOU losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. They regrow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous pore cloggings, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation. Nourishes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

SEE WHAT KOTALKO WILL DO FOR YOU
Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth activity in your scalp.

Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap—the Tonic Shampoo—as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be re-covered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Tonic Shampoo

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9 Percy St. (84.EA), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are supplied by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores. Kotalko, per box 5/- and 12/6. Kotalko Soap—the Tonic Shampoo—1/6 per tablet. *For Perfect Grooming and Hair Setting, try the delicately perfumed Kotalko Lustre, 1/6 single size; 3/6 triple size.*

"COUNTRY" and "COLLARITE"

The Perfection of Collar-attached Shirts

Wherever you're going this summer Van Heusen "Country" and "Collarite" shirts will be the fashion because they are not only smart but comfortable.
Think for a moment—the shirts are superlatively cut from fine materials and mark an entirely new feature in shirt manufacture by embodying all the advantages of "Van Heusen" Collars, the ONLY Collars woven in one piece to fit the neck.

ENTIRELY BRITISH
There are "Van Heusen" dealers everywhere.

COUNTRY SHIRTS are tailored in the coat shape and have a semi-stiff "Van Heusen" Collar attached. Made in White and coloured designs. One price only **10/6** each.

COLLARITE SHIRTS have much more smartness than the old-type Sports Shirt because the attached collar is inter-lined with the "Van Heusen" woven-in-a-curve fabric and covered with the fabric of the shirt. This ensures the perfect fit and neck-ease which only "Van Heusen" Collars give. In White and colours Three qualities, **8/6** and **10/6** each.

VAN HEUSEN

"COUNTRY" & "COLLARITE"

SHIRTS FOR MEN

Made by the makers of the world-famous "Van Heusen" Collars
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.
KING'S HOUSE, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

As accurate as the "PIPS"

SENT TO YOU FOR 3/6 ONLY

See and Test before you buy

Every week brings us letters of thanks from people who have purchased this outstanding watch, and we are so sure that readers of the "Passing Show" will appreciate its remarkable qualities and value that we make this special offer to SEE AND TEST before you buy.
The very handsome Rolled Gold Case, guaranteed to wear for 10 years (equivalent to a solid gold case except in price) is fitted with a strong leather strap.
The Jewelled movement is specially tested, fully warranted and timed to a minute. IF YOU NEED A WATCH THIS IS THE WATCH YOU NEED.
It costs 27/6 (Luminous, 30/6), *but 3/6 deposit will bring it to you on 7 days' approval.* SEE IT—TEST IT—then, if you wish, you can pay the balance 2/6 fortnightly. 3/- discount for cash.

Write for Household Clothing Catalogue.

HOME & COLONIAL SUPPLY CO. (1936), LTD.
6 White Hart Court, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.2

Hot-day HEADACHES

Hot weather causes many people, especially women, to have acute headaches. They cannot enjoy a day's shopping or take part in games, or carry out their ordinary duties without considerable inconvenience and effort. But there is no need to suffer. At the first sign of pain, a Zox powder taken in a cup of tea or water will bring welcome relief. Sufferers who know, claim that Zox *acts like magic.*
Zox is the safe remedy for Headache, Neuralgia Neuritis and Nerve pains. It is also invaluable in bringing down a high temperature in a feverish cold. The powders cost 2d. each or 1/6 and 3/- per box, of Chemists and Stores. But you can try

ZOX FREE

Send 1½d. stamp (cost of postage) for 2 free powders now. The Zox Mfg. Co. (Dept. 18), 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.
Nearly 40 years' reputation.

HEAD WON'T ACHE IF ZOX YOU TAKE

10/- WITH ORDER

CICELY COURTNEIDGE

Says "I couldn't have got a chair that suited me better"

Fully Patented No. 414464.

"If I had designed the Berkeley Superlax myself I couldn't have got a chair, that suited me better. One thing that appeals particularly to me as a woman is the way the chair comes to pieces so that it can be thoroughly cleaned."
(Signed) CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own Factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

IN 3 QUALITY COVERINGS

CASH PRICE **67/6**

or 70/-: —10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £5 : 12 : 6

Sold under our usual Guarantee of money-back if not satisfied within seven days. **FREE Delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.**

THE *New Berkeley* SUPERLAX

Women say that the New Berkeley Superlax is the perfect woman's chair—cosy, comfortable to knit or sew in, wonderfully restful in the lounging positions; so handsome that they're proud of it in their room; and the quality so good that it is bound to last for years. Men say it's the ideal chair for masculine tastes, too—plenty of room about it, and strong. The Superlax patented action lets them change from upright to resting or lounging positions without making any adjustment or getting out of the chair. Designed to suit everyone—tall or short.

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

COUPON Please send Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

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(Dept. P.S.) 70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 133, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1

Branches: 83-87, London Road, CROYDON; The Parade, WATFORD; 85, New St., BIRMINGHAM; 71, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; 149, Becontree Avenue, DAGENHAM.

SUFFERERS from RHEUMATISM

. . wear this PAIN-BANISHING BAND

An entirely new discovery for the relief of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis and allied ailments. No drugs—no medicine—no prolonged expensive treatment. You just wear the Cos-Ray Band on wrist, ankle or waist—wear it night and day if you like—and the pain disappears, often as if by magic.

Send the coupon below for interesting Brochure which gives the full story of the marvellous Cos-Ray Bands—a genuine scientific discovery already tested and found efficacious in thousands of cases.

Fill in the coupon NOW.

COS-RAY BANDS

for relief of Pain

To the Cos-Ray Research Co., Ltd., First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please send me a free copy of your Brochure giving the full story of the Cos-Ray Band scientific discovery.

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ADDRESS.....

..... PS

Continuing 'Life Before the Wicket'

Shocking CRICKET

by Herbert Sutcliffe

Photographs on this page illustrate an incident during Sutcliffe's double century at the Oval in 1934.

● **Second of a series of articles in which this world-famous batsman is describing the highlights of his career.**

OF the many sensational games in which I have played, none startled the cricket world more than that at Bramall Lane, Sheffield, between Yorkshire and Gloucester in 1931. For many years scores of games had been completely ruined by rain. Games that began on the final day were hopelessly uninteresting and lifeless. Spectators, realising that a tame and dull draw was the only possible result, preferred to remain at business or at home.

Then came a strong man prepared to try out a scheme that would not only create unprecedented interest in games that otherwise would never have any definite result, but would also assist in a large degree in assisting the financial side of cricket. That strong man was B. H. Lyon, the Gloucester captain, one of the most astute skippers of all time and a captain worthy of the greatest honours the game can offer. Yet one who was never able to catch the eye, or see eye to eye with the people from the holy of holies.

For two whole days it rained so much that we began to despair of any play at all. About 4 p.m. on the second day a slight breeze sprang up, the barometer began to rise, and early next morning there was every prospect of a start being made at 11.30 a.m.

After lunch on the second day the originator of the scheme that caused cricketers, cricket lovers and cricket administrators to gasp, unfolded his idea to Frank Greenwood, who was then in his first year as captain of Yorkshire, for breaking the County Championship rules.

Greenwood, a splendid sportsman, was keenly interested in the proposition. Play for the day having been "declared off" before lunch, I left the ground before the scheme was put before Greenwood, therefore I was oblivious to the sensational proposition until my telephone bell sounded late that night. Then it was that our captain told me of the plan.

I gave my wholehearted support. We agreed that it would be best not to make known the scheme until just before the start, and I suggested that we might sleep on the matter before giving a decision. I knew what controversy there would be over the startling news, and that while every spectator and player would revel in the fight for full championship points (the wicket by this time giving promise of a definite result) officials at Yorkshire's headquarters and at Lord's would disapprove.

So the whole thing was kept secret until the following morning, when Greenwood arrived at Bramall Lane to tell Lyon that he was prepared to fall in with the scheme in the same spirit in which it had been unfolded.

It was decided that each team should score 4 runs in the first innings, then declare—a tie on the first innings. The destination of the 15 valuable championship points was to be decided by the second inning's play. If the second innings battle failed to produce a definite result, each side would take 4 points for a tie on the first innings. Yorkshire lost that game through a tactical error by Greenwood, for on winning the toss he made the fatal mistake of sending Lyon's team in to bat on a soft dead wicket, which, toward the middle of the Gloucester second innings, began to play tricks.

The atmosphere at Bramall Lane during that memorable day was electrifying. Intense excitement spread to the city, and through the country. There was a constant stream of highly-enthusiastic supporters dashing to the ground in high excitement, proving my belief that there would have been a tremendous crowd had our intentions been broadcast overnight.

There was another opportunity of exploiting the freak declaration later in the season (this time at Bradford) when V. W. C. Jupp readily agreed to F. E. Greenwood's suggestion. This match proved a real thriller. The first innings preliminaries were gone through as at Sheffield, Northants having won the toss. Then, during the visitors' second innings, the wicket developed into a real "sticky dog," and although we disposed of our opponents for 86 we realised that our task against one of the best of break-bowlers in the country would be difficult.

In the first over I received a long hop that "lifted" a little higher than I anticipated. The ball was hit by the splice—to give an easy catch to a fielder at short leg. He was playing his first County match, and must have felt rather nervous for he badly misjudged the pace of the ball letting it fall harmlessly to the ground.

I took full advantage of this stroke of luck, for I settled down to a most thrilling fight with Jupp who was bowling magnificently. My score was 62, and as a further 20 runs would have taken some scoring, it will be readily seen the result might have been reversed had that vital chance been accepted.

The most sensational game I have ever played in was provided by Essex last season when the "all conquering" Yorkshire team was reduced to a pitiful position.

Our President—Lord Hawke—is always in favour of "taking what the gods have given." He only once during his long career as captain, sent a team in to bat and curiously enough that team was Essex at Leyton. Two or three of the leading Yorkshire players had suggested sending Essex in to bat on that occasion. After taking his bowlers on to the wicket and asking if they could anticipate quick successes to which there was an affirmative reply, he decided to cast aside all his good resolutions and take the advice of his bowlers.

The anticipated success was not forthcoming. Essex batsmen rose to great heights, and simply pasted the Yorkshire bowlers. The experiment had failed lamentably.

Still, to return to Huddersfield : on the morning of the first day's play I went with our skipper, A. B. Sellers, to inspect the wicket, which appeared quite good enough for a score of 350. After winning the toss however we found the wicket as full of guile and fire as the Essex bowlers.

Read and Nichols were on irresistible form. The lowly-placed Essex team had had three days' rest, so Read and Nichols bowled as young lions refreshed. Perfect length bowling coupled with terrific pace, the skill of the bowlers in being able to make the ball swerve either way, the art of being able to move the ball "off the pitch" either way and the brilliant fielding and catching of the team; all these started an early collapse from which we were unable to recover.

Virtually every good length ball reared disconcertingly and if our wickets weren't knocked yards out of the ground we managed to obtain a "slight connection" only to see the wicket keeper or slip fieldsman dive to take a brilliant one-handed catch. Our batting had broken down completely and we were all back in the pavilion having a cigarette within seventy minutes for a meagre 31 runs.

Yorkshire players and spectators were amazed. It was hardly believable that such an array of batting talent could be disposed of for 31 by a team so lowly placed.

The second phase of the game began at 12.50 and by lunch time all ideas of an Essex collapse were dispelled, for there were 44 runs on the board with but 3 wickets down.

During the night there had been a heavy dew and throughout the morning the atmosphere had remained heavy. The dew had made the grass "juicy" and "fiery" and the atmospheric conditions were conducive to much swerve. During the rolling of the wicket the whole scene changed. A hot sun quickly dispersed the damp atmosphere and by lunch time any juice left in the grass had been dried out, so that the after-lunch period was comparatively easy for run-making.

That splendid all-round cricketer, Nichols, followed up his wonderful bowling with a superb batting display, and he and Belle were mainly responsible for the fine total of 334 that ended the first day's play.

While motoring to Huddersfield for the next day's play I found a heavy Scotch mist within three miles of the town, which foretold of a hard task ahead for Yorkshire batsmen. Once more we experienced a nasty period, the ball swerving and jumping as in the first innings and although we scored thrice the number of runs in the second innings we failed to reach the hundred. A magnificent victory for Essex.

At the end of the game many people said, "Why couldn't Bill Bowes produce the same figures as Read and Nichols?" While the Essex bowlers were resting Bowes was being worked extremely hard against the South Africans in the 3rd test at Manchester, for on the final day's play he was bowled for very long periods, so that it was a much tired Bowes who arrived at Huddersfield the next morning.

Then Bowes was deprived of the opportunity of bowling when the wicket was slightly damp and when the atmospheric conditions were so favourable to his type of bowling. Even so, he bowled extraordinarily well. On many occasions he completely beat the bat, only to see the ball miss the wickets by a fraction of an inch.

LOVER *takes* ALL

"MYRA, what is all this nonsense about the Wellan Case?"

"Nothing singular about it, Ray. Goodness knows, I've tackled just as tricky mysteries. With you, my fiancé, as counsel for the Crown, the trial should be a front-page story."

"But, my dear girl, did you imagine that I would have my fiancée suffer defeat at my hands!"

Myra's laugh rippled through the room like the high pure notes of a famous diva.

"Listen to the man! Defeat! You know I don't know the meaning of the word."

"That's what you think. Seriously, Myra, why don't you forget about this law career of yours and marry me?"

She released his hand and arose with a sigh. One that seemed to echo those many other sighs that had ushered in just such conversation as this.

"Ray! For the hundred and tenth time. I love you. But I'm not ready to marry you yet, that is——"

"And I suppose I'm still to wait like a good little boy and like it! Well, anyway, there's one thing. This case can't go on!"

Myra paced the floor.

"You mean, you're quitting?"

"No, my dear. You are! I just feel sorry for you. You haven't a chance."

Myra stopped directly in front of him.

"Haven't a chance? Why, Tom Wellan's practically a free man now. He's innocent!"

"Well, prove it!"

Jumping to his feet he caught her by the shoulders.

"And if you do, I'll cease to pester you about getting married, even if that sweet tempting mouth of yours says I'm an idiot to suggest it. That is, I'll wait five years."

"And if I lose?"

"We get married at once."

"Why, I—I——"

"You still have your career, so——"

"But I——"

"I see. You just want a career. Yet you seemed very confident of the outcome!"

"Very!"

"Then I dare you, Myra. Or, maybe, you're not so sure of the result?"

"Of course I'm sure. I'll take that bet gladly."

She followed him as he stepped into the hall.

Myra wondered if the pounding of her heart could have been heard by all present that very important day, the opening of the Wellan case.

She gazed with pity upon the drawn face of Tom Wellan, the young convict that she knew in her heart to be the victim of circumstantial evidence.

She knew Ray would fight as he had never fought before and she didn't for one moment underestimate his great ability as a barrister.

"And I promised Mary," came the timid voice of Tom Wellan, as he commenced to relate the simple tale that had led to his arrest for housebreaking, and the theft of a valuable pearl necklace, "that I'd never enter another house, and I swear I haven't, not for five years!"

"But!" exclaimed Crawford, "you did go into the Carlton house on the afternoon of September the 12th, between the hours of four and five?"

"Well, y-es," came the reluctant reply as with trembling hands young Wellan brushed his fair hair away from his moist brow.

"Have you ever been in prison before?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Cracking a safe, but——"

"Thank you. Please continue."

Myra ignored the half smirk that Ray turned upon her, at the same time noting the effect his opportune interruptions had had upon the Judge and Jury.

"I was selling a new window-cleaner," continued the prisoner. "At the Carlton home, I had just reached the dining-room window at the side of the house, when I heard a voice within cry: 'I'll kill you if it's the last thing I do.' I then hurried to the back of the house.

"There finding the back door open I raced through the kitchen and finally found the dining-room, only to find it empty. Then, Mr. Carlton surprised me when he suddenly came from the front of the house, and that's all!"

Myra sat with every nerve keyed to high C, as Crawford faced the prisoner for his cross-examination.

"You said just now that Mr. Carlton surprised you?"

"Y-yes!" stammered the prisoner in an awed tone.

"And you have just acknowledged having a criminal record?" followed up Crawford firmly.

"Yes."

"Had you ever been in this particular house before?"

"Once, I tried to sell——"

"So you were well acquainted with the Carlton home?"

"I can't say I——"

"Please, answer yes or no!"

"Yes!" whispered Tom Wellan wearily.

"Are you single or married?"

"Married."

"Have you any children?"

"One coming."

Myra didn't let a single point of Ray's rapid questioning escape her. She noticed, too, the tenseness of the jury and the clever manner in which Ray paused at times between questions, to let their significance sink in.

"Do they pay you well in the business you are in?" asked Crawford solemnly.

"Quite well, but——"

"But what?"

"Well, my wife hasn't been very well, and a specialist——"

"Oh! So you have had a specialist for your wife. Very costly I should think! Where did the money come from to pay this specialist?"

"I saved it."

"Just how much money had you set aside?" asked Crawford.

"Two hundred pounds!"

"Two hundred pounds procured from door-to-door peddling, apart from your living. It must be a very paying business?"

As Crawford put question after question to the prisoner, Myra waited with an outward calmness that was deceiving. She was itching to re-examine her client.

At last Crawford finished, and Myra rose to face the prisoner.

"You said a moment ago that you had saved two hundred pounds?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Just how long did it take you to accumulate this sum of money?"

"Four years."

"Oh! So it took you four years to save two hundred pounds. During that time did you ever do extra work; Let us say other than selling things from door to door?"

"Yes, I worked at night on a road repairing job!"

Myra paused.

"When you heard this voice cry out. Just what did you hear?"

"'I'll kill you if it's the last thing I do, you——'"

"You what?"

"'You white-feathered crook!'"

"Were these words uttered by a man or a woman?"

"A man, but after that a woman screamed."

"You are quite positive that these were the very words that you heard coming from Mr. Robert Carlton's dining-room window?"

"Quite positive!"

Myra put several more questions to the prisoner. Then later as she left the court after the morning session she returned Ray's grin with a smile that said, "Even yet, old man, I wouldn't be too sure of your bride," and ate a solitary lunch in a near-by restaurant, hardly conscious of what she ate, not a little anxious, as to the outcome of the coming afternoon's proceedings.

The first witness to be sworn during the afternoon was Mr. Robert Carlton. Myra felt a thrill run down her spine at the very adroit manner in which Crawford examined the witness, thus when she commenced to cross-examine him she proceeded very cautiously.

"You say, Mr. Carlton," queried Myra, "that you let yourself into your house on the afternoon of September the 12th with a latch-key?"

"Yes. I always carry one."

"Have you any idea as to the time you returned home?"

"Some time between four thirty and five o'clock."

"When you entered your home, Mr. Carlton, did you hear anyone moving in the house?"

"Yes. Someone stirred in the dining-room."

"Whom did you think it was?"

"The maid."

"And not your wife?"

"No. I knew my wife was not at home, as I had just parted from her."

"You had, I believe, one maid in the house?"

"Yes. The cook was away on holiday."

"Do you think that your maid is quite trustworthy?"

"Absolutely! She has been in our employ for over a year and in that time has been everything that a good servant should be."

"And her name?"

A Complete Story *by* JEAN McMICHAEL

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. DEWAR MILLS

"Please don't think I've gone clean off my head, Ray. I've got the queerest feeling, as if I'd lost you . . ."

"Marie Rouer."

"English?"

"No, French."

Myra, after several other questions, resumed her seat, the usher silencing the murmurs that occurred as she finished with the witness.

"Have you any further questions to put to the witness?" The judge's voice as he spoke to Crawford was as distinctive as his appearance.

"Thank you, your honour. There are several!"

"Then proceed."

Myra sat forward in her seat. By the way Ray had smiled upon her as she conducted her examination, she knew he was ready to introduce some new evidence.

"Mr. Carlton," calmly asked Crawford, "would you please tell the jury when and how you discovered that a valuable pearl necklace was missing from your house safe?"

"When," explained the witness, "I discovered the prisoner in my dining-room, I at once thought of my wife's pearl necklace, so forcing the prisoner to follow me into the drawing-room, I immediately opened the safe, only to find the necklace gone!"

"Was the safe not open?"

"No. It had been opened by some one who knew the combination or——"

"It might have been opened by say, an expert safe-cracker!" finished Crawford with added vim.

"Yes, that could have been the only manner in which the safe had been opened."

"Still, Mr. Carlton, how were you sure that your wife had not removed it unknown to you?"

"It so happened that we had been discussing the necklace, and my wife had remarked that she had put it in the safe, after wearing it at a dinner the night before, and had not removed it since."

After the closing of the Wellan case for that day Myra hurried over to the studios of the B.B.C., where the announcer, Bob Read, greeted her seriously.

"Well, Miss Drew! How did the afternoon go?"

"So-so. But I know to-morrow will make things a bit lively for Mr. Crawford, with the evidence we have procured."

If Myra thought to make a marked impression on Crawford the next morning with some of the evidence that she had found, she was greatly mistaken, for the barrister sat unconcerned throughout the whole proceedings.

"You are a radio announcer at Broadcasting House?" inquired Myra as she turned serious eyes upon Bob Read, now standing in the witness box.

"Yes," came the quiet reply.

"Can you remember just what was broadcast on the afternoon of September the twelfth, between the hours of four and five?"

"Why, yes. A radio play by the Radioettes."

During that play did one of the actors cry, 'I'll kill you if it's the last thing I do, you ——'?"

"Yes, the villain, played by Gladston Crale, uttered those words, closing with, you white-feathered crook'!"

A tense silence enveloped the court.

The only person to appear unaffected at this disclosure was Crawford. If anything, he appeared bored.

"And then," continued Myra, "a woman screamed?"

"Yes!"

Myra waited tense. She knew Ray had important evidence for he had been so quiet during the past cross-examination.

"Your honour, I would like to call Mr. Carlton again.'

As Myra waited for Mr. Carlton to reach the witness box she sighed softly.

Undoubtedly Ray was about to spring something.

"Mr. Carlton," he cried in a breezy voice, "you have just heard the evidence of the last witness?"

"All of it!"

"You understand then that the prisoner is supposed to have heard the words, 'I'll kill you if it's the last thing I do, you white-feathered crook!' coming from the radio in your dining-room, but, Mr. Carlton, I think this could not possibly be, as the radio you had was taken to your country house; thus the prisoner could not have heard these words coming from your town home."

"Both statements are quite correct!"

As the minutes passed Myra waited as Ray tore down step by step any evidence that she had brought forth to strengthen her side of the case.

Ray didn't need to think that she was through with him yet.

As a distinguished-looking woman took the stand in the early part of the afternoon, there was a wave of keen interest that swept through the court. Even the reporters sat erect as Myra turned towards the witness box.

"You are the wife of Mr. Robert Carlton?"

"Yes."

Her reply was given in a refined, cultured tone.

"Is it not true, Mrs. Carlton, that your husband is about to celebrate a birthday?"

"Quite true."

"Have you just recently purchased a gift for your husband? One he knows nothing about?"

"Why, yes!"

"And that present is——?"

"A radio!"

"And where did you have this new radio placed?"

"In the drawing-room downstairs."

Like a flash Crawford was on his feet.

"If, Mrs. Carlton, your radio was put in your drawing-room, how could the prisoner have heard the voices coming from your radio in the dining-room?"

"Why," cried Mrs. Carlton innocently, "I had a lamp loudspeaker placed in the dining-room for an added surprise."

For a fraction of a second Myra wished she could have run from the court. She knew Ray could have annihilated himself for falling into the trap she had set for him.

"Was the lamp loud-speaker connected?"

"Yes, but the loud-speaker on the set I disconnected myself."

"Thank you. That will be all, Mrs. Carlton."

"Before the witness leaves the box. Have you any further questions to ask?" the Judge asked Crawford.

"No questions. Thank you, your honour."

"Then let the case proceed!"

The second witness called during the afternoon was Marie Rouer.

Myra turned laughing eyes upon the small confident maid as she fired question after question.

"You have been employed by Mrs. Robert Carlton as housemaid for how long?"

"A y-year!"

"You knew about a new radio being installed for Mr. Carlton's birthday?"

"Oui! I knew!"

"Did you, on the afternoon of September the 12th, tune in on this radio. Remember you are under oath to tell the truth."

"Tune in?"

"Did you turn it on?"

Marie brightened.

"Oui! Oui! But some one yell 'kill' and then woman scream. I turn off, quick. Then run upstairs!"

Somewhere somebody snickered.

"Order in the court!" from the usher brought again a tense silence.

"Did you let any one into the house the night before or during the morning of the robbery?"

"Oui, radio man came back to fix machine!"

"When?"

"In morning."

"Did you during that time leave him alone?"

"For little time. I work upstairs."

"And he could have had time to open the safe and take the necklace?"

"Oui! Oui!" cried Marie excitedly.

"Did you ever see this necklace of Mrs. Carlton?"

"Many times!"

"But I daresay you did not know that the pearl necklace kept in Mr. Carlton's safe in the house was a duplicate of the real one worn by Mrs. Carlton."

Marie's face was a study.

"I not understand."

"In other words, the necklace kept in the home safe was an imitation!"

"You lie!" roared Marie between clenched teeth.

Her words seemed to paralyze the crowd in the court.

"How do you know I lie?"

"Because, because—I—I——"

"Because you took the necklace yourself!" cried Myra as the girl fell forward in a fainting condition.

She had won.

She was glad for Tom Wellan's sake. Not for her own.

No longer would Ray be so insistent about their immediate marriage. She was free. But did she want to be?

Turning she looked straight into Ray's approving grey-green eyes and knew she didn't.

"Myra, you were magnificent!"

"Thanks, Ray."

What a grand sport he was to take it this way.

"Will you do something for me, Ray? Get your car and drive me home. Now, at once."

"Of course. You do look a bit pale. I'll be right back."

Myra had so much she wanted to say. Her dry lips just couldn't shape the words, as they drove back to her flat.

Even after they arrived she was as speechless as a terrified child about to recite her first school poem.

"Sit down, Myra. You're——"

"In a moment, Ray. Please don't think I've gone clean off my head, but would you please kiss me, once. I've got the queerest feeling, as if I'd lost you, or——"

"Why, of course, silly. Come here."

This was what she wanted. Ray's arms about her, his lips pressed hungrily to hers. Now and always. This was really living.

"I was very proud of you, Myra. Five years is a long time to wait, but——"

Her eyes filled with gleaming tears, as she looked longingly into his disappointed eyes.

"Five years! That is a life sentence, Ray! One I just can't take either!"

"You mean?"

"I mean, darling, I want to marry you right away. I want you and a career. I think they're a grand combination!"

Midsummer Pageant

by

S. L. Bensusan

JULY holds Midsummer Court by meadow and stream in wood and wold. Before five o'clock in the morning the sun has summoned her courtiers, seventeen hours later, when midnight is only two hours away, the nightjar, who has been brooding her two eggs in the bracken, is still flitting round the boles of oak and beech uttering eerie, vibrant music, while from an adjacent wheatfield, the corn-crake fills the semi-darkness with rasping cry.

Through the quiet days of middle-week visitors remain afar; the watcher who sits in the shadow of the great cherry tree is soon aware of the most significant aspects of the season.

All bird life that chance and evil accident have spared—and none can say how heavy the toll has been—is learning how to meet its needs. Troublesome species—jays and magpies and jackdaws—have contrived to keep some nests out of sight and are now teaching their full-fledged young. So, too, are harmless finches and warblers; you can hear an undertone, the anxious chattering of parents, the response of little ones. To the listener there is something almost human about the subdued utterances, often behind the thick leaf screen that has been woven for midsummer. This may well be, for, after all, it is the expression of mother love, and every mother knows of the danger that threatens on all sides.

There is one discontented bird, at least, within a few yards of my quiet corner; he is the nightingale; his nest will be rather low in the great holly bush. There were moonlit hours in late April and May, when he seemed to share the world with his rivals, the nightingale that nests in the swampy stretch of broom and gorse just beyond the wood, the two others that have made homes across the valley.

Now the season of wooing and mating is over, the young are fledged and the song has gone. Nothing is left but a harsh note, quite divorced from music; it sounded a moment ago. Another visitor whose incessant call passes is the cuckoo; he and his wife have taken their responsibilities lightly, but not so easily as many suppose. I know of two young birds being brought up, one by a pair of white-throats, another by two anxious robins.

As they sit on posts in the meadow and cry for food, there can be no mistake about the cost of their keep. Often unseen, though never far away, one or other of the parent birds has been watching, and soon they will be leaving their young to follow and seek the chances of the road. Faintly across the fields I hear the changing note; high up above me swifts scream or larks pour out their song.

There is a festival of colour as well as melody; the colours we disregard as well as those we prize. The splendid variety of rhododendrons, the glorious monotony of buttercups, the blood red of poppies. In the wood itself there are stately purple foxgloves, sometimes fringing beds of bracken and where they cluster one hears the bumble bees as they bury themselves in every open flower. Field rose and dog rose have returned, bind weed in earliest bloom, late bluebells, honeysuckle scattering fragrance all round, ragged robin, moon daisies, a bewildering galaxy. It is hard to turn back in thought to three months ago, when daffodils were proclaiming spring, and peaches, mock currant and forsythia gave the garden its colour, while roses were showing no more than earliest leaves.

Across the streamlet, only just visible by the aid of field glasses, the moorhen guides her babies over shallow water that the geese have freed from weeds of all kinds. The presence of these balls of black fluff is a tribute to our efforts to keep rats down; they are the moorhen's worst enemy. The flags have yellow flower; yellow, too, is the colour of the agrimony by the woods edge.

Hay-making is late, fields lie deep under the grass, and in that grass there is still more bird life; partridges and pheasants will be hiding their young; so will skylark and woodlark. They are sheltered from sparrow hawk and kestrel, from hungry owls; even stoat and weasel may well be baffled. Yet a little while and the tractor-drawn cutter will take wide swathes in its stride; all the hiding places of grassland will be laid bare, and there will be nothing left save the corn, which has another six weeks of life. It is a race against time; when all the land is cleared, the pheasants must be able to look after themselves in the woodland and the partridges on clearings, the pheasants must be able to look after the stubble.

Here are spaces of silence; vast spaces that the green woodpecker likes to fill. I see him now and again. He wears a dark-green suit and bright red crown, and he mocks at stillness as he flies. Sometimes I can hear him tapping, too, for the wood holds many old trees, and above the tapping the wood pigeons, brooding in untiring domesticity, seem to be asking him to be quiet and not to frighten their babies with his jolly laughing note.

Serenity and stillness, bird and insect song, one might think that in these long, almost languorous, July days here at least was peace; but the idea is misleading. In the course of a stroll to the seat from which I watch life I have seen two little heaps of feathers. Two birds have been struck down and the bodies carried away to where hungry flesh-eating fledgelings waited.

Perhaps some nests will have lost their support and small birds must die. Tragedy is as shadow to sunshine in the woodland, now as always, but the thick leafage, the masses of flowers and flowering shrubs on all sides seem to hide ugliness. Over the innermost tragedies July and midsummer have dropped their veil, and life dominates death, save in the insect world, where all manner of winged things are paying toll to the insect-eating birds.

Size is the basis of our judgment; if only the insects were fully visible, if we could grasp the full significance of the sweeping flights of swallow, martin, swift, the ceaseless work of finches and warblers, blackbird and thrush, we should understand. We are spared all this sense of destruction and see just the vivid movement of pursuit.

Perhaps on this account the mastery of midsummer compels the watcher to look on the bright side of life, to pay his little tribute of gratitude for light, colour and music, to grasp the truth that the countryside stands on the summit of achievement, and that the supreme hour has arrived.

We shall have no shorter nights, no longer days; the tide of passion that filled our little world with melody is at the flood. There is magic in the wood. Given a book, a writing pad, the simple meal that a paper bag can carry, and one can be intensely happy from the time the dew has left the earth down to the hour when it returns. There are only a few days in which one may feel so content to be alone in the world. I know I shall return to them in memory when nearly all the birds are silent and all the woods are bare.

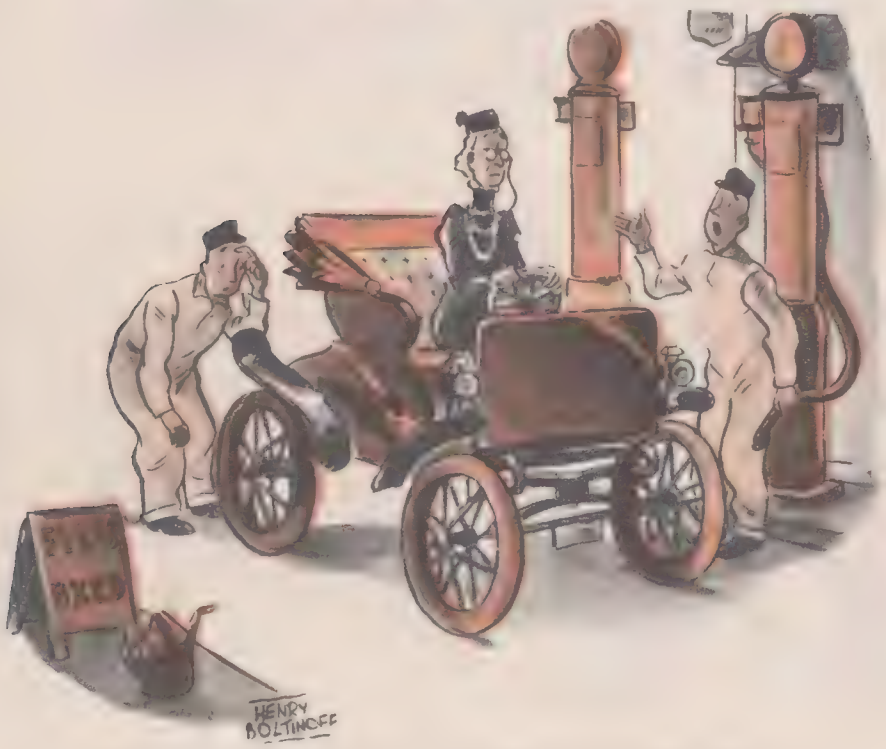
Happily, one cannot believe to-day that such a season can exist in any future, however distant. Experience has nothing to teach us when we don't desire to be taught. And who would wish to spoil the midsummer festival by brooding over the laws that are Nature's and beyond either our understanding or our amendment?

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Pack it up now, Bert, the gent wants his golf clubs!"

"Are you really sure this is the Bristol Channel, because I'm supposed to be swimming the English Channel?"



"All right, madam, we give up—where *is* the petrol tank?"

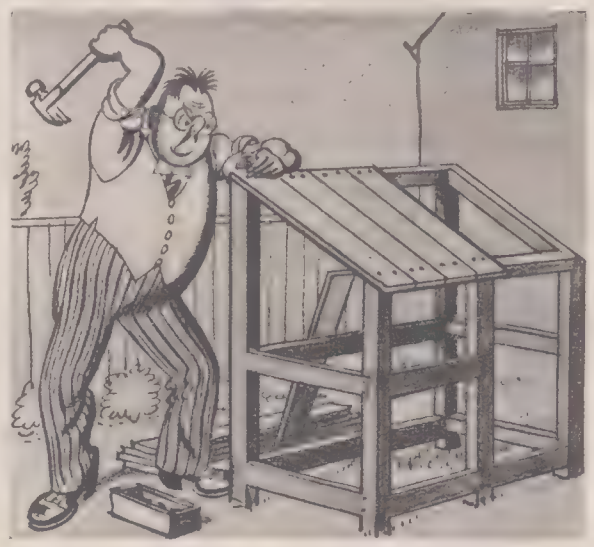
"Gives an air of distinction to the face, don't you think, madam?"

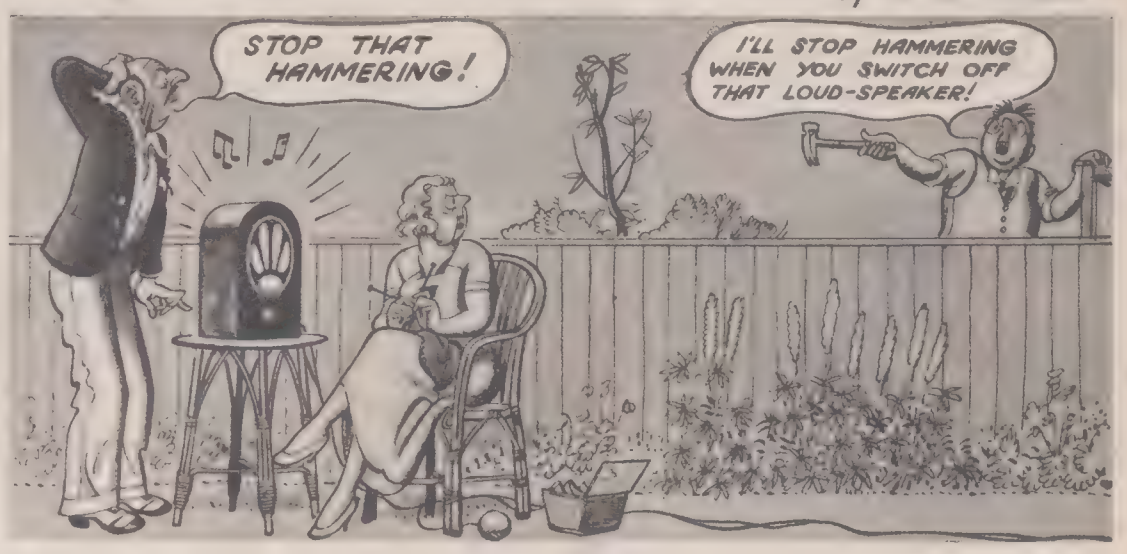
" No, I haven't lost the handcuffs, sergeant, but he's got a cold and I don't want to catch it."

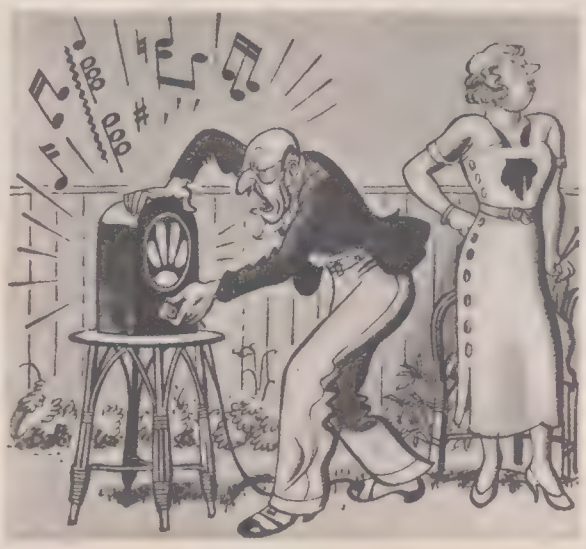
" Elephant won't lie dead while photo taken if you tickle him with gun, sir."

A MAN AND HIS NEIGHBOURS

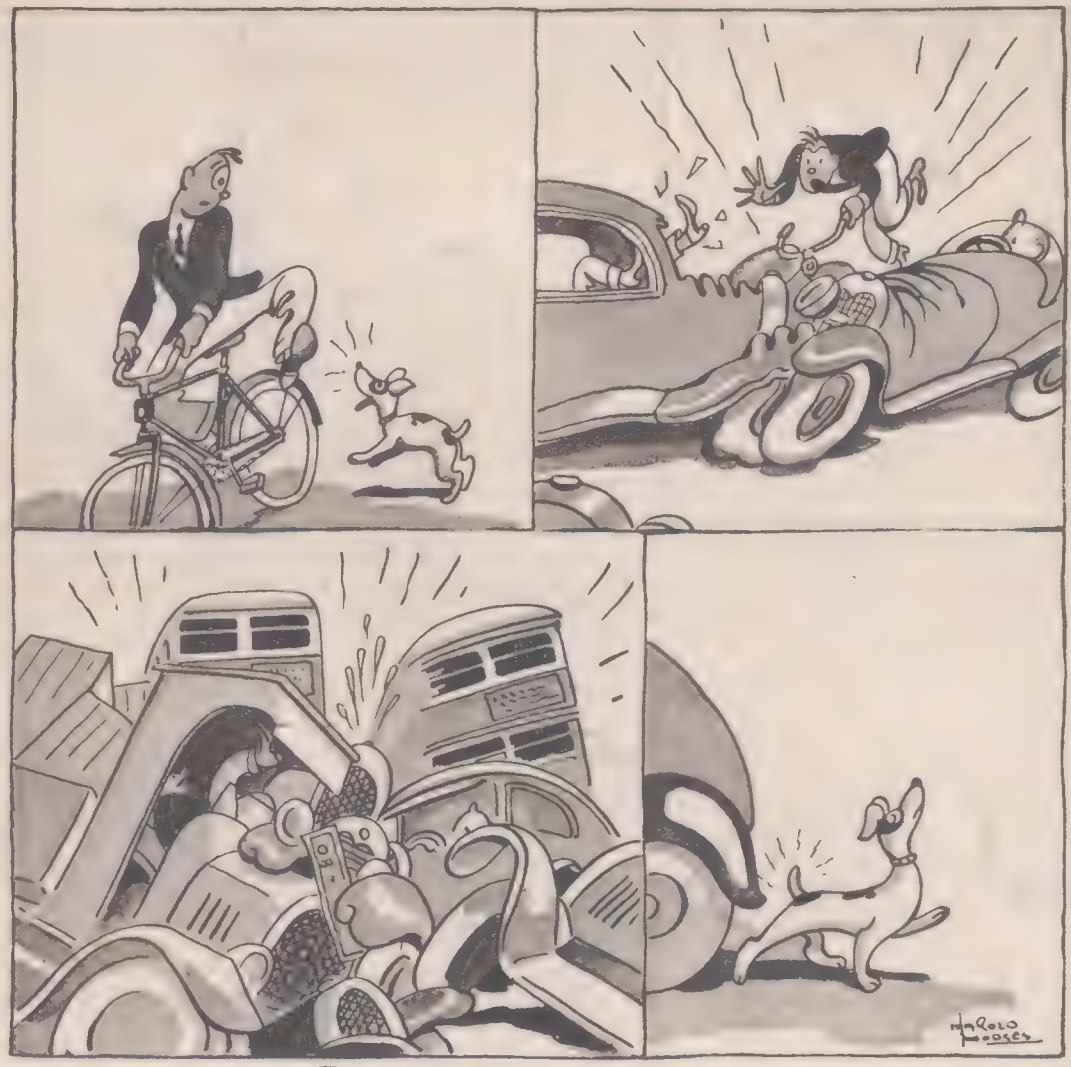
by A. C. BARRETT



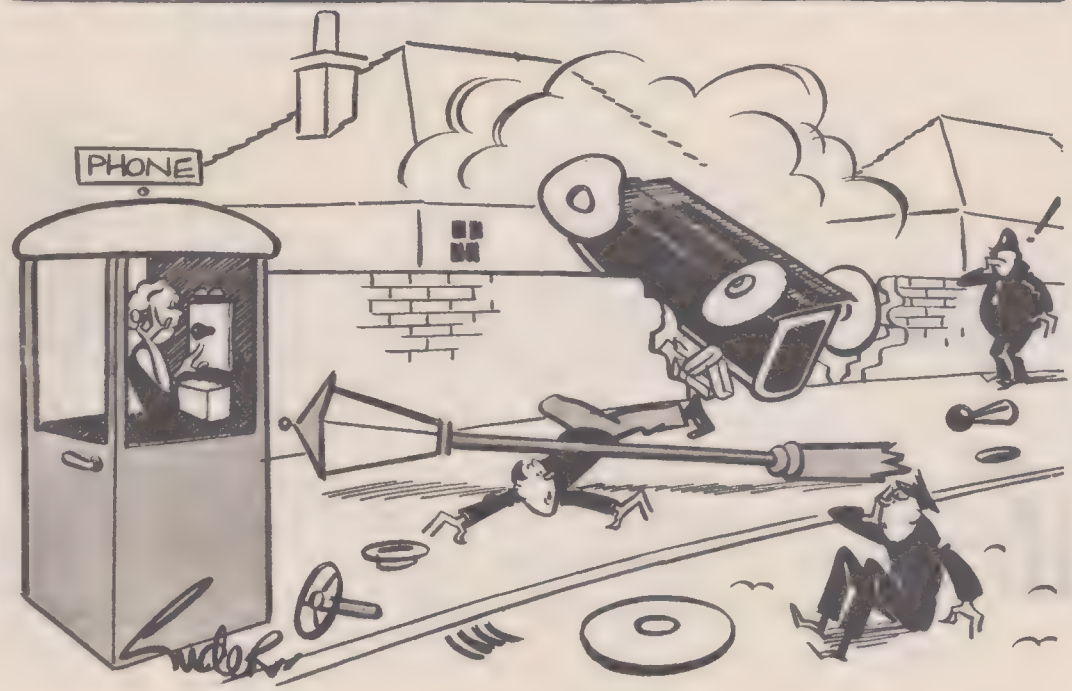




"Your wife kept changing her mind, sir."



The Saturday afternoon meeting of the Little Puddleton Flying Club. They haven't got their machine yet.



"Oh, mother, I've failed in my driving test."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

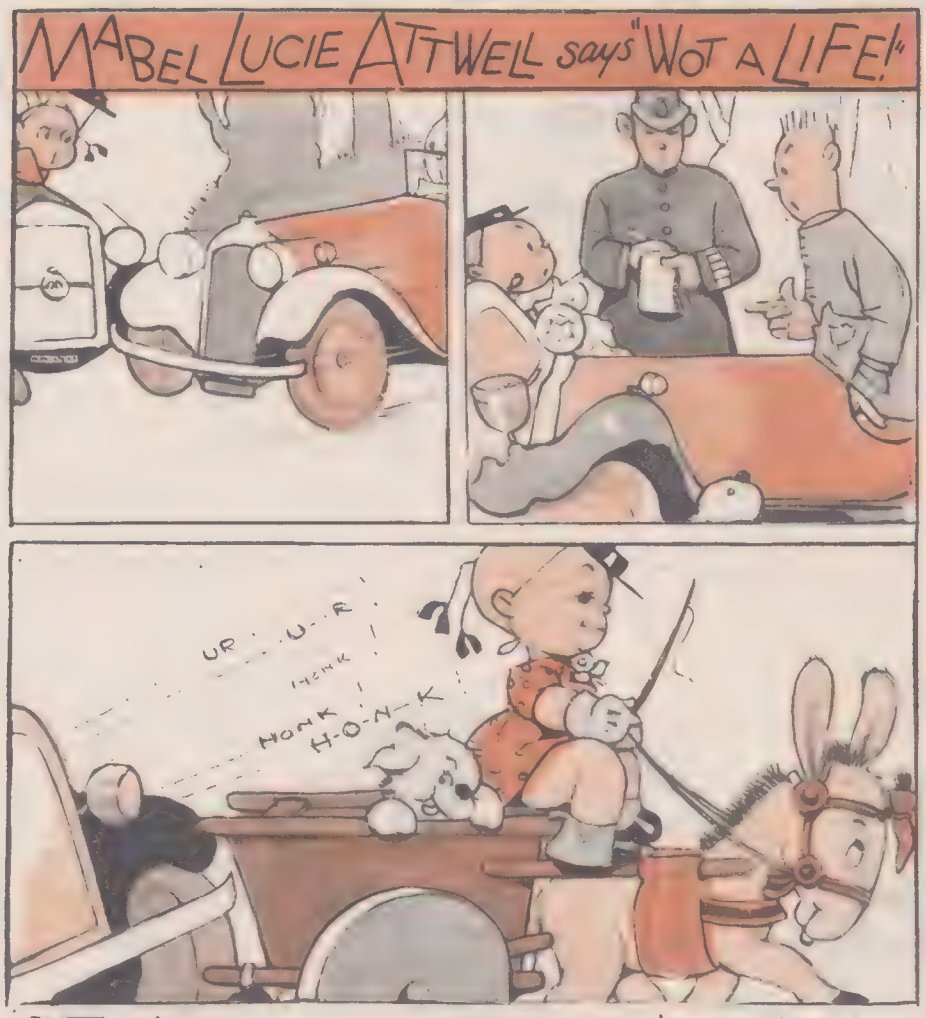
The Wild West conductor clips the tickets. *Schweizer Illustrierte*, Zurich

"Daddy, baby is too heavy for me; let me carry the beer."

"And drop it? Not likely!"

—*Lustige Blatter*, Berlin.

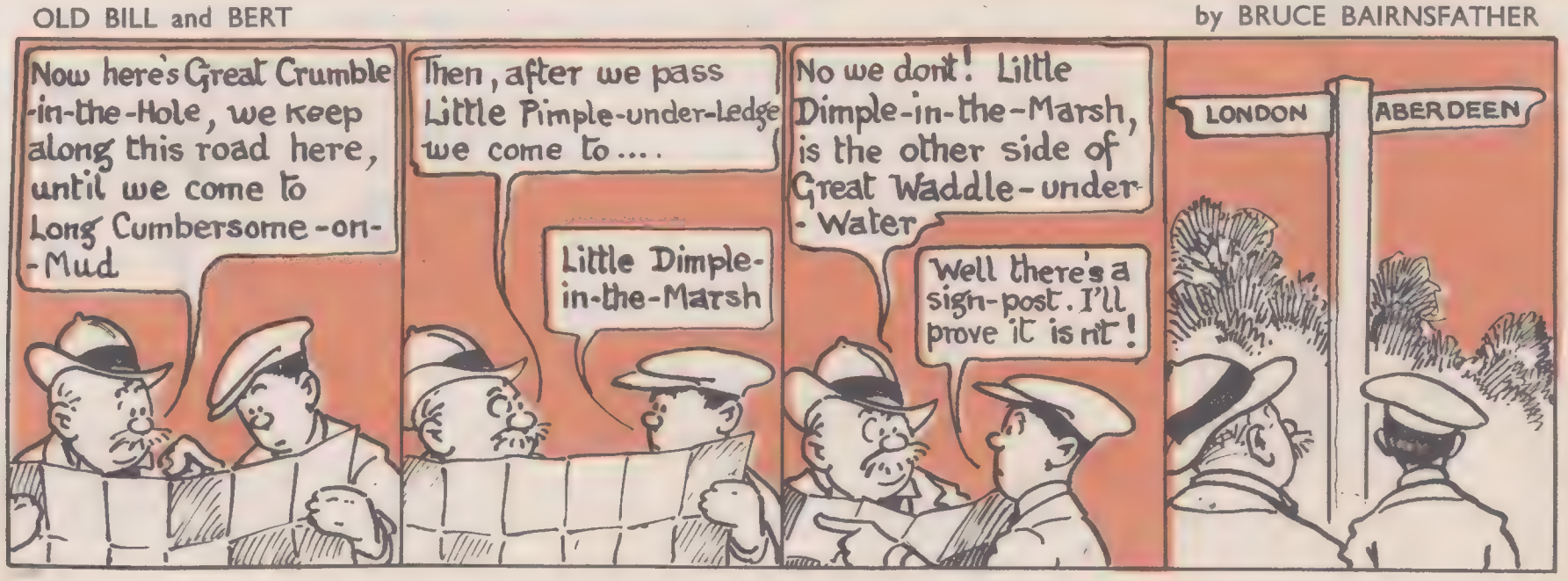
Before the Trial for the Longest Time in the Air: "And, ladies and gentlemen, this baby that I am taking will be the pilot when I am too old to carry on."—*Das Illustrierte Blatt*, Frankfurt.



Me hair stood on end and me blood all curled-
Thinks me I'll abide by this text-
Better be five minutes late in this world
Than fifty years 'soon' in the next!"

The fire chief's wife insists on a sun-bath.

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



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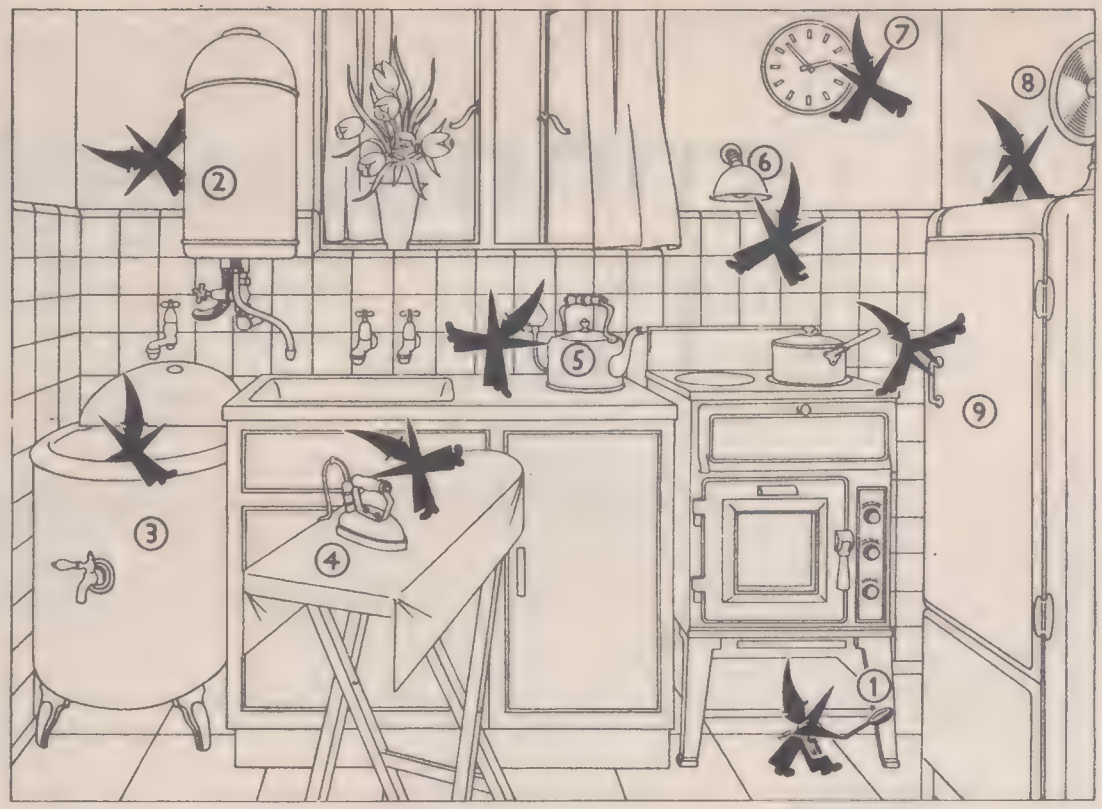

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Continuing 'The Legacy Murders' by Francis Beeding

Footprints *in the* Dew

READ THIS FIRST

Valerie Beauchamp, middle-aged best-seller novelist, is murdered four days after her discovery that she has been hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing that an admiring reader has fallen in love with her. Even though she was demented on hearing that the Esoterics have been reading her passionate love letters, her will shows that she has left £200 a year to each of them—Councillor Joshua Stanton, Edward Calcott, who was the bogus lover, Frederick Reeves, Adelaide Tring, Naomi Garnett and Cyril Sidebotham—and, if any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others. A few days after a stranger buys arsenic and a revolver in Marseilles. Adelaide Tring is poisoned. Lavinia Brown, companion to Valerie Beauchamp, goes to Scotland Yard to say that she found footprints leading from the greenhouse where Dr. Reeves keeps his drugs to the home of Adelaide Tring. She accuses the doctor's son of being the murderer, adding, "They will all die." Now read on.

Peter Doubleday, turning into New Scotland Yard, wondered what he would say to Inspector Martin if he should come within speaking distance. The prospects were poor. The police were not pleased at the way in which the Press were dealing with the famous milk murder. Probably he would be turned away.

Well, that had happened before and doubtless it would happen again.

It was at this stage in his reflections that he caught sight of the hat with a black feather. He had seen that hat before and he had seen it on the head of Lavinia Brown. Surely enough there was the woman herself and she was coming from Scotland Yard.

Peter Doubleday quickly made up his mind. This was better game than a disgruntled Inspector who would tell him nothing of importance. Why had Lavinia Brown been visiting Scotland Yard? Was she, perhaps, under suspicion? Or had she, perhaps, been volunteering information, false or true, to the authorities?

There she was, getting into a 'bus. Doubleday sprinted and jumped on board. Inside he sat down as close to the door as he could and took refuge behind a copy of the *Daily Wire*.

Lavinia Brown was sitting on one of the cross seats with her back to him. She sat very upright and formal. She looked rather forlorn and very ridiculous. Nevertheless, she hated the Esoterics and one of them had perished miserably. Clearly she was a suspect in the first degree. Watch Lavinia Brown.

Hyde Park Corner. She was getting out. Peter effaced himself behind his newspaper and tucked in his legs. Lavinia passed within an inch of him, staring straight before her. Peter rose and prepared to follow her. She was crossing the road by the Gunners' Memorial. She passed St. George's Hospital and joined a small group of people.

"Waiting for another 'bus," thought Peter.

A Number 9 drew up. Lavinia boarded it and Peter, farther down the queue, jumped on himself, only to be rejected by the conductor.

"Full up, sir. Not even standing room. Wait for the next."

The 'bus moved on with a jerk and Peter ran across the road, heedless of the traffic, to a taxi rank.

"Follow that Number 9 'bus," he said to the driver of the taxi.

They had reached High Street, Kensington, and the top of Earl's Court Road before he saw the black hat descending to the street.

Peter paid the taxi driver and slipped after her. Lavinia Brown went a few steps down Earl's Court Road and took a turning to the left. Peter followed. They were in a short, quiet street. Blocks of flats occupied the whole of the one side of it. On the other side were one or two shops and a public-house.

Abingdon Road—Peter read the name as he turned the corner. Lavinia Brown turned sharply, climbed to a block of flats and disappeared through a glass door. Peter watched for a moment and then examined the block. There was nothing impressive about Islip Mansions. A man in shirt-sleeves was sweeping out the hall. Peter first looked up the stairs in the direction taken by Lavinia Brown. The door of a flat on the first floor opened and Peter made a note of Number 36.

He turned to find the man in shirt-sleeves gazing upstairs with a look of interest in his rather prominent eyes.

"Do you know who that is?" he whispered in a hoarse undertone. "That's Miss Lavinia Brown."

"Miss Lavinia Brown?" echoed Peter Doubleday, looking innocent and puzzled.

"Don't you read the papers? That's the party who lived with Miss Beauchamp—the women who was murdered. She often comes here."

Peter nodded.

"Really? That's very interesting," he

(*continued on page* 28)

"Sorry to intrude," he said, "but your maid refused to let me in by your front door."

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Continuing The Legacy Murders

said, and decided to assume one of his favourite parts.

"I am collecting for St. Swithin's Hospital," he said.

"You won't collect much in this building, sir," said the porter, "not at this time of day. The tenants are mostly out at work. Your best chance would be in the evening at about eight o'clock, and not much of a chance at that. Charity, they say, begins at 'ome, but I'm lucky if I gets five bob out of any one of them for Christmas."

"What about a quick one," suggested Peter with a jerk of his head in the direction of the public-house on the opposite side of the road. The porter looked at him in surprise.

"Well," said the porter, "if you can make it really quick, sir——"

"That's all right," said Peter with his most winning smile. "To be frank with you, I want some information. It helps me, you know, and of course I don't charge the hospital anything for drinks. They come out of my own pocket."

"I'm with you, sir," said the porter.

He disappeared into a cupboard below the stairs and returned struggling into a shiny black coat. Together they crossed the road and entered the "Three Tuns."

It did not take Peter long to learn what he wanted about the inhabitants of Islip Mansions. There was only one who interested him in any way. He occupied Flat Number 36 and apparently did nothing much for a living.

"Mr. Teesdale, 'is name is," said the porter. "He 'ad a business once, but now 'e's retired."

"Does Miss Brown come often to see him?"

"Not very often, but she's some sort of relation, I believe. At least that's what she told me once."

"Why did she tell you that?"

The porter laughed.

"I suppose she thought it was suspicious 'er going to see 'im, a single man. She wanted me to know she was respectable —as though I would ever think anything else, what with 'er appearance an' all."

Peter, with his eye on the window, saw Lavinia Brown leaving the flat. He finished his beer.

"Well, I'll have to come back this evening," he said as he crossed the road beside the porter, "but I may as well try the man in Number 36."

"You won't get anything out of 'im," said the porter.

Peter waited till he had disappeared to hang up his coat. Then he walked up the uncarpeted stairs and rang the bell of Flat Number 36. Lavinia Brown he could always find. Meanwhile Mr. Teesdale might be worth a visit.

The door was opened, after a short delay, by a thin man rather below medium height. He wore glasses and his grey hair was cut short.

"I am collecting for St. Swithin's Hospital," said Peter swiftly. "Could I have a word with you, sir?"

"Don't give to charity," said Mr. Teesdale. "I need a bit, myself."

Peter nodded.

"So many people say that to me, sir," he answered and then, putting his hand to his side, gave a sudden impersonation of a man in pain.

"Hullo," said Mr. Teesdale, not without suspicion, "what's come over you?"

"Sorry," said Peter. "It will be over in a minute. Takes me like that sometimes. Could I trouble you for a glass of water?"

Mr. Teesdale put an uncertain hand under Peter's elbow and assisted him down a small hall into an untidy sitting-room. Peter sank into a faded leather armchair, murmuring something incoherent, while Mr. Teesdale bustled off to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

As soon as his back was turned, Peter glanced quickly about him. The room was half sitting-room and half workroom. A dirty stained deal table ran the full length of one wall. On it was the paraphernalia of what was obviously an enthusiastic photographer. A large box-camera stood at one end of the table. There were frames for holding prints scattered about on it and a machine, which looked like an instrument for bread-cutting, clamped at one end. There were also two pots of glue and a thing that looked like a magic lantern flanked by brushes and little pots of white paint.

Mr. Teesdale came back with the water and Peter drank eagerly.

"Thank you, sir. I get these twinges occasionally. Heart, you know."

"You ought not to be collecting for hospitals. You ought to be one of the patients."

Peter nodded.

"I have been three times in St. Swithin's and if it were not for that I would not be here. They have patched me up marvellously. They say I may grow out of it in time. But, of course, I lost my job. Boss couldn't keep it open, so the Hospital offered me this. Very good of them, you know."

Mr. Teesdale stood beside him looking at him with concern.

"Wonderful what they can do now, you know," continued Peter. "They can photograph the heart beating and show you a film of your inside and what goes on, Mr. . . ."

"Teesdale," finished the little grey-haired man in front of him.

"Poynter," responded Peter.

Mr. Teesdale's eye brightened.

"I'm a bit of a photographer myself," he said, "in a quiet way."

Peter nodded.

"So I see. It must be a wonderful pastime."

"More than that, sir. You can make a bit of money out of photography."

He pulled an album from a cupboard. Peter set himself to examine a series of photographic studies mostly of landscapes and extremely well done.

"I know quite a little about photography," Mr. Teesdale said. "Camera work has been my hobby ever since I was a lad. It is wonderful what you can do with a camera."

He crossed the room and laid a loving hand on the apparatus in the far corner.

"Do you know what I call him?" he asked, stroking the box with a caressing gesture.

"I call him Ananias," said Mr. Teesdale, "being something of a specialist in fakes. There's next to nothing you can't do with a camera. Turn out all kinds of things. I could make a statue of you, Mr. Poynter —good as any in the British Museum and imitate anything you liked—even to finger-prints."

Peter, turning over the album, had come upon a photograph of Highwood and was examining it attentively.

"Very fond of the woods," said Mr. Teesdale. "Beautiful at all times, but especially in the autumn. Nicest district of London, to my mind. I hope to be moving there some day."

"Friends in those parts?" inquired Peter casually.

Mr. Teesdale nodded. Then he bent forward confidentially.

"Ever heard of Miss Lavinia Brown?" he asked.

Peter pretended to think hard.

"Isn't that the lady who lived with Valerie Beauchamp? She gave evidence at the inquest."

"That's the party. She's my third cousin, Mr. Poynter, and comes to see me occasionally. I once had the honour to meet Miss Beauchamp herself. I've seen the room in which she worked and I even took her photograph, and a nice bit of work it was. You'd hardly recognise it for the same woman—very handsome and romantic."

Peter's eyes, as he listened, went warily round the room. Mr. Teesdale noted the direction of his glance as it lighted on a bookshelf opposite the window.

"Yes, Mr. Poynter. Valerie Beauchamp's books—all first editions and signed by the author herself."

Peter, feeling that he must not outstay his welcome, got to his feet, but noted, as he did so, lying on the mantelpiece just behind Mr. Teesdale an open letter. The signature—Lavinia, in black ink— stared at him invitingly.

"Perhaps just one more glass of water, Mr. Teesdale," said Peter, "and then I shall be right as rain."

Mr. Teesdale disappeared once more in the direction of the kitchen. Peter picked up the letter quickly. It was brief but illuminating. Lavinia announced therein her intention of visiting Jacob—presumably Mr. Teesdale—that morning. She would bring with her his allowance and the allowance would be increased now that poor Valerie was dead.

Peter moved hastily away from the mantelpiece as he heard Mr. Teesdale returning.

A moment later he took his leave and with it a cordial invitation to look in again if ever he should feel so inclined.

Which may come in pretty useful, Peter reflected, as he made his way back to Earl's Court Road.

For Miss Lavinia Brown was likely to remain in the picture and it might be useful to remember that she had in Mr. Jacob Teesdale a secret pensioner.

"I quite agree, my dear Stanton. The whole thing is preposterous, but the fact remains. Two murders have been committed. Apparently they are quite unconnected. But there is one circumstance common to both. From the first we profited to the extent of a cool two hundred a year for life. From the second we shall profit by a thousand pounds apiece."

Edward Calcott sat back in his chair. Councillor Stanton, sitting opposite in the morning-room of his house in Hampstead, fingered his moustache and took another sip of whisky.

"It is awkward," he confessed. "It is ugly. It is the sort of thing that attracts attention. But it is an accident."

"The police will not let it go at that," said Edward. "Every one of us is under suspicion. That Inspector fellow has been at me. He has been at you."

Councillor Stanton wriggled in his chair.

"It all comes back to that confounded hoax," he mumbled. "All our troubles start from that. We should never have allowed it to go so far. I always had my doubts about it, but I never thought I should be let in for this sort of thing."

Calcott looked at the big man resentfully.

"Very well," he said. "We have now to consider what we ought to do."

"What can we do?" sighed Councillor Stanton.

"Two murders," insisted Edward, "with you, me, Freddy, Naomi and Cyril the direct beneficiaries. That's the position we have to face."

"You don't seem to realise just what it means," Councillor Stanton complained. "You keep on insisting that each of us had a motive for committing this abominable crime. You'll be supposing next that it was I who killed poor Adelaide Tring."

"It might just as well be you as me," retorted Edward. "Or it might just as well be Naomi or Cyril or Freddy Reeves."

"Meanwhile I am the only one to suffer so far."

"Seen Naomi lately?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Only that the poor child is also suffering."

"In her feelings, perhaps. But look at my position. All this publicity."

Councillor Stanton pointed to the mahogany table in the middle of the room. It was strewn with newspapers.

Edward laughed shortly.

"You'll have to get used to that," he said dryly. "We are *news*, my dear Councillor and likely to be news for some time to come."

"For a man in my position the scandal is terrible . . . terrible. If this sort of

(*continued on page* 30)

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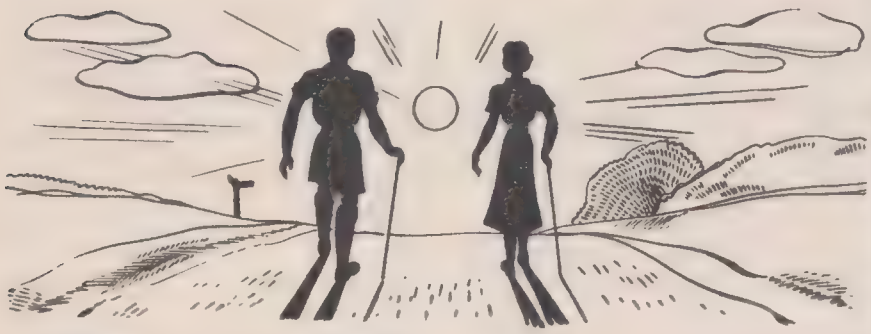

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Continuing The Legacy Murders

thing goes on, I shall be unable to face the Bench."

Edward rose from his chair and took a turn to the window.

"That's your pigeon," he said. "Meantime, is there any useful step we could take?"

"I can do no more than I have done. I can at least flatter myself that I have completely satisfied the police. They were most polite."

"I'm glad they were polite," said Edward. "But make no mistake about it, Stanton. The police will continue, until further notice, to suspect that one of us has done this horrible thing. We are all potential murderers and they will go on pegging away until they have pinned the thing to one of us."

"I don't believe it, Edward."

"Who else had the slightest motive for killing Adelaide except one of ourselves? Who benefits except one of ourselves? Who had the opportunity except one of ourselves?"

There was a silence. Councillor Stanton bowed his head and Edward felt a twinge of pity. The face of the older man was drawn and the eyes were full of fear.

"Sorry, Stanton," he said. "But it's no use blinking the facts. I'm only saying straight out what the newspapers will themselves suggest."

"The newspapers are not yet in a position to suggest anything," objected Stanton. "They know nothing of the will. Thank God all that business of the legacies is known only to ourselves."

"It will come out," said Edward cheerfully. "You may be sure of that."

Councillor Stanton brought his fist down on the table.

"It is intolerable," he exclaimed. "Would you believe it, Edward? One of those fellows, some dirty scribbler or other, actually tried to interview me yesterday when I was about to go into Court. He wanted to talk to me about what he called the suicide letter."

"Did he, now?"

Edward felt his interest rising.

"Wanted to have my views. Wanted to know whether the hoax had really been as bad as that awful woman, Lavinia Brown, maintained in the witness-box."

"What did you say?"

"I sent him packing. I told him to clear out. Still, it's an indication you know, and old Colonel Eggers looked at me very queerly in the club yesterday, very queerly indeed."

"Good God, what's that?" Councillor Stanton added suddenly.

He twisted round and Edward had a sudden sinking in the stomach. The french window giving on to the lawn was opening. One leaf of it swung wide, and a young man, a crumpled hat in his hand, slipped into the room. He had on his face an engaging smile.

"Sorry to intrude," he said, "but your maid refused to let me in by the front door."

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the Councillor.

Edward glanced at Stanton. The Councillor was covering his dismay with a show of bluster.

"Peter Doubleday, of the *Daily Wire*," the young man answered promptly.

There was a short pause, as the journalist advanced towards them.

"I have seen you before," said Councillor Stanton accusingly.

"That's right," said Peter Doubleday, with a nod. "I had the privilege of speaking to you the day before yesterday as you were going into Court."

"What the devil do you mean by coming here?"

The journalist shrugged his shoulders.

"In my profession, sir, we are accustomed to this sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"Your present attitude, sir."

He turned briskly.

"Mr. Calcott, too. I was coming to see you later. Two birds with one stone."

He glanced at his watch.

"This," he added smoothly, "will now be in time for the first edition."

"Confound it, young man."

Councillor Stanton had risen, very red in the face.

"Leave my house at once."

The journalist lifted his eyebrows.

"Of course," he said, "if you insist. But do you really think it is wise? We shall have to say something about you in the *Daily Wire*. Isn't it better for you to tell me what to write than to leave things entirely to me?"

"If you publish a single word in your damned newspaper, you will find yourselves committed for criminal libel."

The journalist stood unmoved.

"We know how to deal with threats of libel on the *Daily Wire*," he answered dryly.

"Blackmail," said the Councillor, "deliberate blackmail."

"I agree," said Edward wearily. "But that will not get us anywhere. I told you that we were news."

The Councillor, with the air of a baited bull, stared unhappily at the journalist.

"What is it you want to know, young man?" he asked.

Peter Doubleday smiled.

"I am glad you take it in that spirit. Believe me, gentlemen, I don't like this job any more than you do, but I've got this assignment and I must stick to it."

There was silence for a moment. Councillor Stanton drained his whisky and set down the glass.

"What do you want to know?" he repeated.

With a flick of the hand—like a three-card man, thought Edward—the journalist produced a note-book.

"I want your impression of the present situation, that is all. Owing to the tragic death of Miss Adelaide Tring you have both inherited about a thousand pounds apiece. That is if my calculations are correct."

"How on earth do you know that?"

Edward made no effort to conceal his surprise. The journalist calmly waved the stub of his pencil.

"There is such an institution as Somerset House," he said coolly. "When my editor hands things over to me, I don't let the grass grow. I just popped in and inspected the files. What I saw will be exclusive to the *Daily Wire* with such other impressions as I may get from you."

"You don't suggest——" began the Councillor.

"I don't suggest anything," said the journalist smoothly. "I only want to know how it feels to inherit a thousand pounds in what I take leave to describe as somewhat peculiar circumstances."

"Confound it," began Councillor Stanton, but Edward checked him with a gesture.

"I don't think we have any feelings," he answered, "beyond those of complete bewilderment at the whole affair."

"You have no views as to why Miss Beauchamp should have made these extraordinary bequests?" pursued the journalist.

"None whatever," answered Edward. "No more has Councillor Stanton. We were discussing the matter when you came. It is a complete mystery to us both."

"Still, you stand to pocket a thousand pounds apiece."

"Blood money," murmured Councillor Stanton, and checked himself with a horrified look at the journalist.

Peter Doubleday was scribbling rapidly in his little book.

Inspector Martin, sitting beside Crosby in the police car, was not a happy man. He was driving to the house of Dr. Reeves, but he hoped little from this new departure. He was doing the obvious thing because it was the obvious thing to do.

"Clutching at straws," he reflected.

Nothing was going right. No further evidence, pointing even vaguely in any direction, had come to light either in regard to the death of Valerie Beauchamp or that of Adelaide Tring. The minutest inquiries, prosecuted by every means at the disposal of the Yard, had been made after hypothetical tramps in the neighbourhood of "Avilion" on the night of Valerie Beauchamp's death, but without results. Martin, however, had ceased to be surprised at that.

"I am sure the two crimes are connected," he thought, and found that he had spoken aloud.

Crosby, beside him in the police car, nodded.

"So you have said before," he interpolated. "But where is the connection?"

The finger-prints on the rake and on the tooth-glass were undoubtedly those of the first murderer, but to whom did they belong? Martin had successfully secured prints of all the beneficiaries under the will, but they did not correspond. Was a member of the group, then, guilty of only the second murder? If so, how could the two murders be in any way connected?

Martin checked himself wearily. He must not theorise. That was one of the cardinal rules. Let the evidence itself tell the story. So said the professors at the Police School. But in this case there was no evidence. Or rather, such evidence as there was, did not begin to tell any kind of story.

He must dismiss the murder of Valerie Beauchamp from his mind for the moment and concentrate on the movements of Freddy Reeves on the morning on which Adelaide Tring had met her death.

Footsteps in the dew. Lavinia Brown had seen them. Lavinia Brown was hostile to Freddy Reeves. But she was hostile to every member of the group and she was a very peculiar woman, eccentric to a degree. He had given orders that her family history should be thoroughly investigated.

Footsteps in the dew, fading away under the hot sun.

"Well, George, here we are," said Crosby at his side.

They jumped from the car, which had drawn up a yard away from a rakish two-seater painted a light green, looking very new in the broad road. It was standing opposite the doctor's gate. Martin glanced at it a moment, but forgot it as his eyes turned to the house and the lawn in front of it.

It was a pleasant house, vaguely Dutch in appearance, and not too large. At one end of it the veranda was prolonged into a glass greenhouse. Martin looked at this last feature with interest. That, according to Lavinia Brown, was where the doctor kept his drugs and it was from the direction of the greenhouse that Lavinia Brown, passing on her eccentric way, had seen the footsteps. He stood on the path leading from the gate to the front door. It was made of crazy pavement and there were small flowers pushing their way hardily through the cracks.

"Well," came the voice of Crosby in his ear, "if Lavinia Brown was right, and if Freddy Reeves took a straight course, he must have crossed that flower-bed between the standard roses."

Martin nodded.

The flower-bed in question stood directly between the gate and the greenhouse. Martin, leaving Crosby on the path, walked to the bed and examined it.

"Crosby," he called, "take a look at this."

In the midst of the bed, partially obscured by the petals of a fallen rose, was the mark of a foot. It was a right foot and it pointed away from the greenhouse towards the garden gate.

NEXT WEEK:

THE SECOND VICTIM

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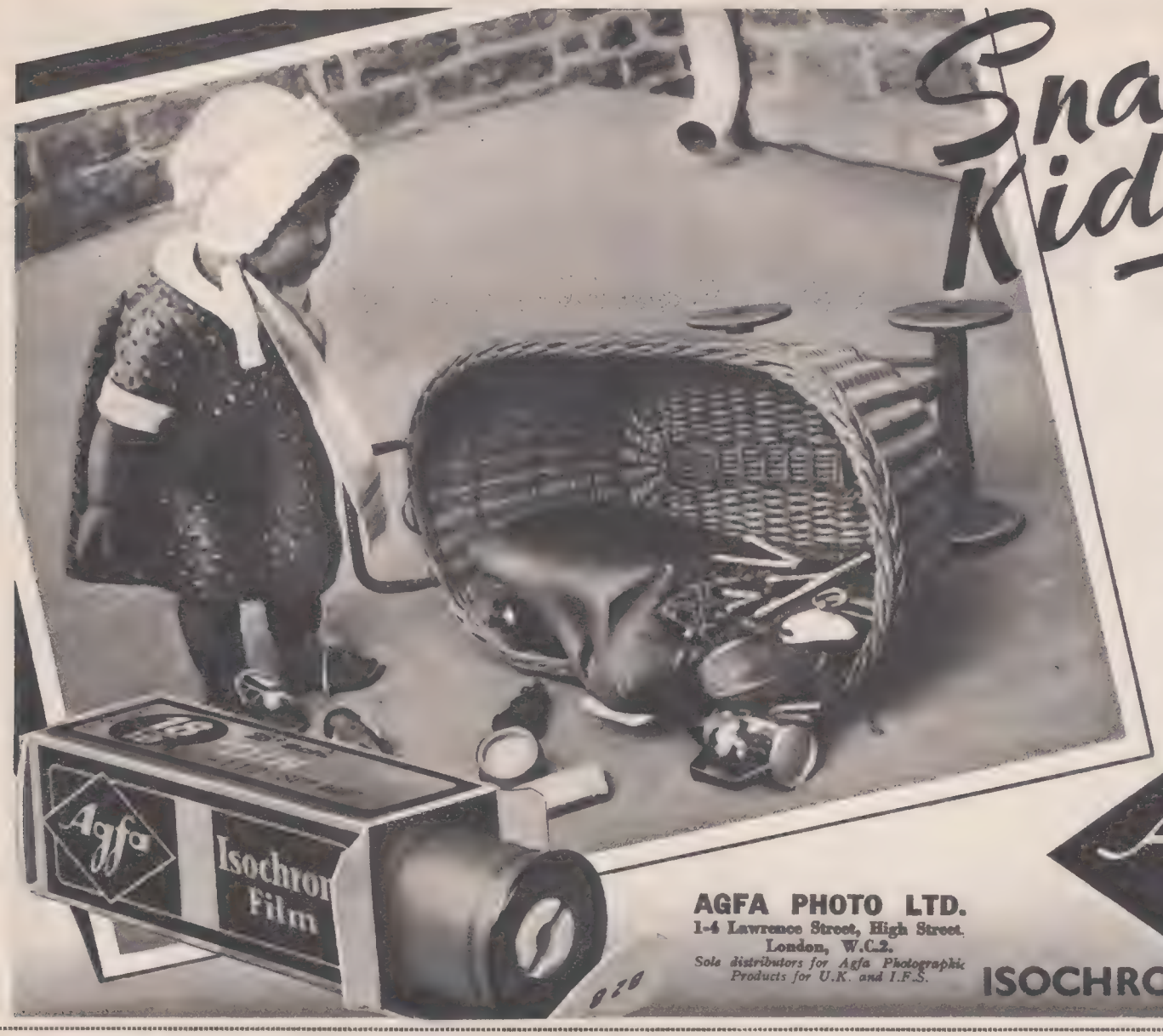

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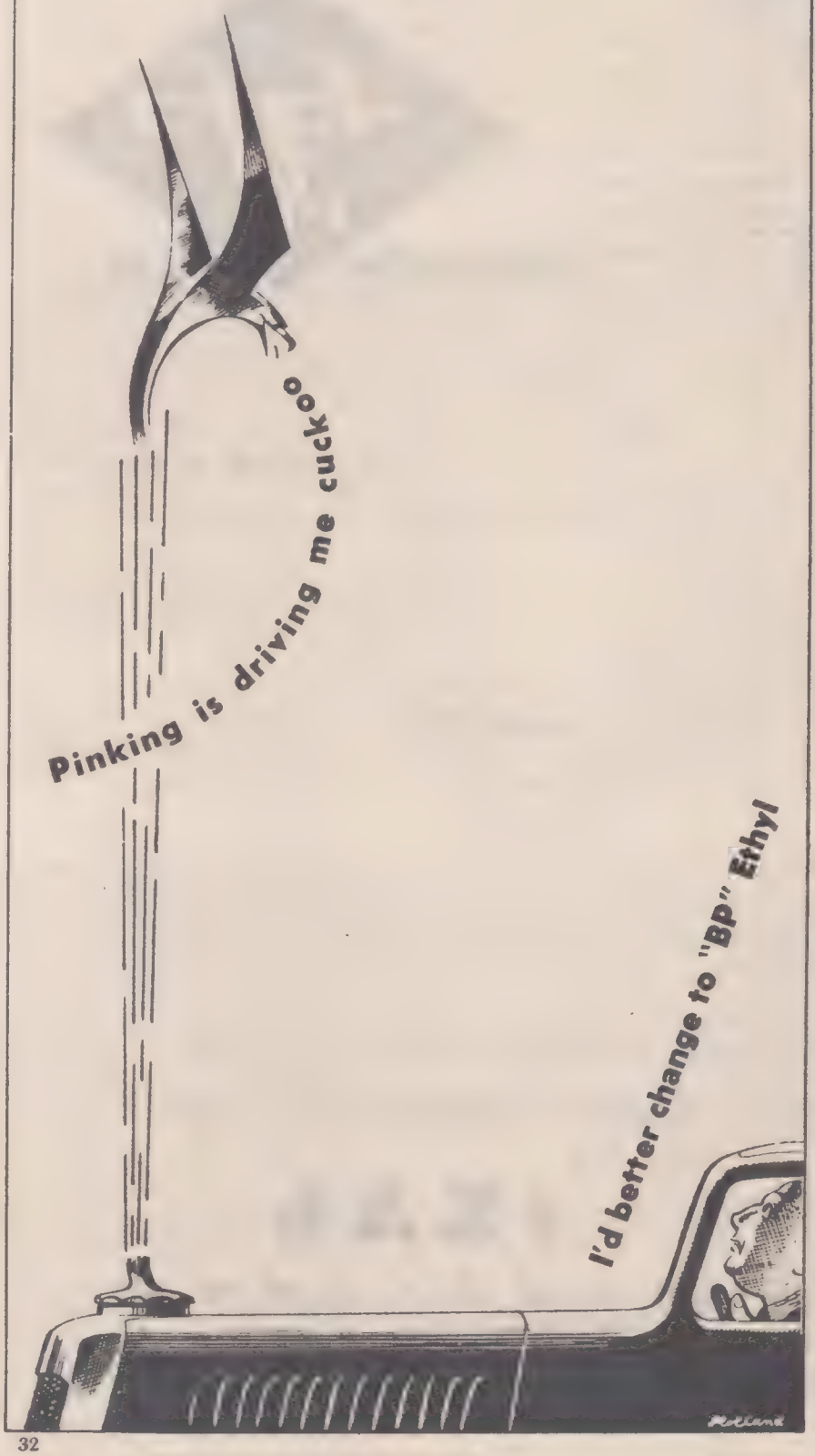

"COMFORT me with apples for I am sick of love," sighed the lovelorn maiden in the Song of Solomon. Apples are stout, useful fellows, credited with being able to keep the doctor at bay, but hardly comforting.

If we read "oranges," for "apples"—probably the correct translation, remembering the lovely aromatic scent of the fruit and flowers that have a pleasing habit of growing at the same time on the same tree, we can imagine a fainting bride being revived by them, and realise the origin of orange blossom as the favourite bridal wreath.

There has probably never been a time when the medicinal virtues of herbs were unknown. Eve may have picked a spray of rue as, luckless victim of the father of all confidence tricksters, she left the garden from which she was exiled because of her credulity. Barbarous rites practised by medicine-men of savage tribes are tempered by the knowledge of herbs.

Official schools of herbalists existed five thousand years ago, for the practice of herb growing and compounding was a semi-sacred cult in ancient civilisations. In this country in the Middle Ages a knowledge of herbs was part of the education of every lady; no country house was complete without its still room.

In pre-drain and pre-bath days, rich and poor were glad to have strong smelling herbs to sweeten their houses. Doctors and judges tried to protect themselves from fevers by herbs carried in posies or in the hollows of their canes. When marvelling at the vast amount of strong herbs included in old recipes for preparing meat, we must remember that in the days when there was no way of obtaining winter fodder, animals were killed off at the end of the summer, and meat had to be preserved with nothing more efficacious than brine. Herbs served to disguise the flavour and counteract some of the ill-effects of tainted food.

In the first flush of the industrial age, herbs suffered an eclipse, but, like so many old-fashioned things out of which we thought we had grown, they are coming once more into their own.

The study of herbs is one of the most pleasing aspects of the "back to nature" movement. We are finding that chemical formulæ may be perfect on paper, but the elusive vital spark has still to be found in life itself.

One of the firms engaged in growing flowers and herbs for countless products, is almost entirely manned by women. It began with Miss Dorothy Hewer, a Bachelor of Science and a Fellow of the Horticultural Society, growing herbs in a small way.

Being dissatisfied with the shrivelled and de-vitalised dried herbs of commerce, she searched for a method by which she could preserve them, yet retain their essential oils, their colour, and their freshness. Eventually she perfected a process by which mint, for example, could be dried without losing its colour and its fresh pungency. And now Miss Hewer has a herb farm of several acres on a sunny hillside outside Sevenoaks, where women gardeners tend fields of lavender, sage, peppermint, thyme, rosemary, and every known herb. There are masses of brilliant potpourri flowers, and on the hill top are the drying rooms and a hostel for students, for more and more women are taking up the study of herbs.

Here ambitious gardeners come to learn to grow herbs, or lay out herb gardens similar to those tended by their great-great-great-grandmothers in simpler days.

A shop was opened in the West End of London where the products of this beauty harvest could be sold. Women struggling to preserve a schoolgirl complexion in the fierce tropical sun of India or Africa now soothe their outraged skins with the lotions and creams made from marigolds and rose mallow, elder flower and rosemary, grown in these sunny Kentish fields.

Six years ago the presiding genius of the little shop, Mrs. White began making creams in a saucepan in the basement; now a large factory is working at full pressure to maintain the supply. Then there was a staff of six, now there are seventy-eight.

Mrs. White has herbs "in her blood." Her great-grandmother acquired fame by compounding a green ointment that acted as a charm on burns and sores.

When the old lady died, no-one knew the name of the herb that was the chief ingredient, although her family recognised it when they saw it. Mrs. White tracked it down, and now it is cultivated on the farm to be used as the basis of a healing ointment.

To the farm and the shop there has been added a beauty salon where those in search of beauty may lie in a quiet rose-shaded room, having soothing herbal creams smoothed into their tired skin by *houris* with fingers as gentle as the touch of a butterfly's wings.

These girls seem to know fifty different ways of massaging, each more restful than the last.

It was explained to me that in the search for beauty lies danger. Middle-aged women who want to look eighteen sometimes submit to violent treatments that awakens her facial muscles only as a

WOMAN to WOMAN by Minnie Pallister

BEAUTY

Taking the beauty secrets of Nature

Beauty gathers the harvest of herbs

HARVEST

whip rouses an overtired horse. She may look eighteen for a fleeting moment, but she will probably look eighty soon after.

Gentle herbal treatment with creams and face packs, soothes and cleanses and brings out any natural beauty that may remain.

The mere names of the fragrant creams and face-packs seem to breathe the possibility of new skin health.

Attached to the salon is a school of beauty culture where girls may receive three months' training. Until they have graduated, and received their diploma they are not allowed to attempt any of the treatments. They are told to be very strict with those women who forget that beauty is more than skin deep. It is no use begging for creams that will remove the ravages of nerves, rheumatism, over-indulgences or lack of exercise. They are told beauty must begin with health.

In the shop, side by side with little jars of cream, stand plain businesslike tins, containing herbs for the treatment of ills produced by modern life, and in their medicinal properties are the beginnings of good complexions. There are rare bits of old china and glass filled with pot-pourri.

In the workroom needlewomen embroider sachets and cushions of silk and organdie. These are filled with fragrant herbs.

There are soft cushions with a border of sweet scented herbs; insomnia pillows with special herbs that induce sleep, and coat covers padded with anti-moth herbs.

Pots of jelly bearing luscious names like elder and honey, and violet petal, carry you back to the days when, in the vast kitchens of isolated farms, women prepared their salves and preserves from jealously guarded family recipes against the coming winter's cold.

There are scents and soaps, sweets and pomander balls; in fact, everything one can imagine and many things we never imagined could be made from herbs and flowers. In that narrow shop there seems to be the concentrated essence of millions of blossoms.

Although farm, factory, and shop are almost exclusively staffed by women, there are many men customers for shaving soap of slippery elm, soothing creams and hair tonics, and it was whispered to me in confidence that they were even more "finicky" than the women over their purchases.

from the fields to the salon

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Sergeant Ball addressed the girl, "I thought I heard someone cry out"

IT *Might Have Been* MURDER

Complete Story by

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY NICOLLE

THE sky was grey. A cold wind blew down river, making weird noises in the young spruce.

Robert Delmaine shook his head at the greyness of the heavens. It was early summer and the morning should have been beautiful.

Beside him, Sergeant Ball smoked his pipe and watched the river. On the other side, across the deep, fast-running stream, in flood still from the late spring rains, the woods rose in deep blue regiments along the slope of the hills. They reminded him of blue-coated soldiers, a long way off, standing rigidly to attention.

"Grey skies," said Delmaine, breaking the long silence. "Grey skies and a cold wind." He shivered a little.

The young sergeant shot him an affectionate glance. He was very much attached to Delmaine, and it was an attachment whose roots were very deep and secure.

Such a small, frail, gentle old man he looked, standing there under those wintry-looking skies. He scarcely reached to the sergeant's shoulder. There was beauty in that small, pale, spiritual face, a beauty which came from within, like a light.

No man in all the North was better loved and respected than Robert Delmaine. All his days had been spent in helping his fellow creatures, both men and women; and many, as Sergeant Ball knew only too well, were a little difficult to help at times.

The Indians up on Moose River Reservation adored him; his presence among them, in times of unrest and trouble, was even more effective than the Law itself, or a regiment of soldiers.

Yet, as he stood there, a shade of anxiety crossed his face. His tired, patient eyes looked over his shoulder towards Bear Bluff. No trees grew there; the mound was bare and black. Only, against the grey of the sky, the square outlines of Mawsom's cabin showed starkly.

Sergeant Ball, noticing the look, frowned slightly. He knew what was worrying Delmaine. Sergeant Ball, too, was secretly a trifle uneasy.

"Let's get back, shall we?" he said.

Delmaine nodded and led the way down to a narrow log bridge. Ball followed at his heels. The boards creaked and squeaked as they trod on them. He looked down once, at the broad flood which surged angrily below them. The water was wild, racing, with fury in it.

Suddenly Delmaine stumbled and almost fell, his hand making a vain clutch at the guide-rope and missed. Ball leapt forward just in time to save him from being plunged head-first into the raging torrent beneath.

Delmaine leant a little weakly against the young sergeant's burly form. A board had become loose and was swinging over the water. The sergeant stooped and pushed it back into place.

He helped the old man to the opposite bank. The village of Saint Croix, founded by French Roman Catholics many years before, lay below them in the valley. Delmaine's house was built on a little hill. It had a garden, flowers, and a patch of young green grass, shaded by maples, where Delmaine sat and read his books on summer evenings, when the South-West was warm and the woods filled with soft music.

Sergeant Ball had been staying with Delmaine while he had been at Saint Croix. Sometimes, when the tall candles were lighted, Delmaine had sat and read passages to him out of his books—sincere, beautiful passages which still lingered in his mind. For Delmaine thought as he lived, beautifully.

Yet he was at heart quite a merry little man as a rule. Only, just lately, Sergeant Ball had observed peculiar little moments of melancholy in him, of sadness, almost of anger. At first, before he understood, Ball had been surprised. Sadness, anger seemed so foreign an emotion where Delmaine was concerned.

Now, he understood. It was Mawsom who was worrying the old man. Mawsom, and that sweet, pretty young wife of his.

Ball, entering the house, sat down and looked out of the window in silence.

Mawsom was a swine; a drunken, brutal swine. The young sergeant had noticed him several times. But especially had he noticed him at night, as he came reeling and staggering home across the river. More than once Sergeant Ball had felt his hands clench hard and his blood boil in his veins.

Once, with some pretext, he had gone to Mawsom's shack. He was curious to see what Mawsom's wife was like. He had heard Delmaine talk so often about her.

Her beauty had startled him. He had seen many beautiful young women in his time, yet never one more beautiful than she.

Yet, in her face, there was tragedy, to be read as easily as one read the print in a book. There was little that was nice about Mawsom even when he was sober. In drink . . . well, one could so well imagine.

"A penny for them!"

Sergeant Ball looked up with a smile.

"I was just thinking what a calm, peaceful place this is," he said.

Delmaine arranged some flowers in a slender silver vase. He was passionately fond of flowers.

"Calm? Yes, I suppose you're right. But it is only nature which is so calm, so much at peace." The old man sighed as he, too, turned to look out of the window.

"I know what you mean, Mr. Delmaine." The young sergeant's face seemed a little

(*continued on page 36*)

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CONTINUING

IT *Might Have Been* MURDER

grim in the grey light. "Mawsom, isn't it?"

The old man looked queerly agitated an instant. Ball noticed the unusual fire in his eyes, which seemed to transfigure his pale face.

"You look angry, Mr. Delmaine."

"Angry? I *am* angry. What man could help it, in such circumstances?"

Sergeant Ball, rising, leant against the latticework, that rather grim look still in his face.

"I wish I could do something before I go," he said. "But I can't. Mawsom keeps himself on the right side of the Law. If he goes back, as you say he does, and ill-uses his wife, I can't even prevent that—unless she makes a complaint. You see, Mr. Delmaine, my hands are tied."

"I know." The old man sat down near the window; there was an expression in his eyes which Sergeant Ball found difficult to fathom. A sort of fear, apprehension it was; but no ordinary fear. "Sometimes," he said, in a very low voice, "a dreadful fear comes upon me."

The wind rustled in the spruce outside the window. Sergeant Ball was watching the river.

"What sort of fear?" he asked.

The old man sat very still, but that *queer* look was still in his eyes.

"Sometimes, I fear *myself*. I mean, I grow afraid lest I may take the Law into my own hands."

"I might go and have a talk to him?" Ball suggested.

The old man smiled and shook his head.

"Talk? No, my son, talk would be wasted on this man. Have I not tried to make him see the evil he is doing? He merely listens and laughs."

"Then what *do* you suggest, Mr. Delmaine?"

Delmaine lifted his pale face. There was a strange, smouldering fire in his eyes.

"My friend," he said, "I suggest nothing."

After dinner, Sergeant Ball took a stroll along the river. He was still rather uneasy in his mind. Chiefly, he was worried about Delmaine. This matter of Mawsom and his young wife was preying upon his mind. It was fast becoming an obsession. Ball was young, but he was also no fool. In his opinion, man and wife were better left alone, no matter how unhappy the circumstances might be.

All the same, he appreciated Delmaine's point of view. Not out of charity, but out of the kindness of his heart, because of his passionate love of the North and the people in it, Delmaine had appointed himself—without official status—shepherd of Saint Croix, and Mawson and his wife were part and parcel of his flock. It was sad to see a good woman so ill-used; but the greatest tragedy of it all was the apparent impossibility of altering things.

It got dark. Below him the river looked black and fierce. He sat down on the bank, lit his pipe, and thought the matter over once again.

What, exactly, had Delmaine meant when he had said that he was sometimes afraid of *himself*?

The young sergeant sat puzzling over the question. He wished with all his heart that he could do something to help matters. But what could he do?

The Law couldn't do a thing, only sit on its haunches and smoke its confounded pipe, just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Ball stared with grim irony along the bank. Mawson, in drink, was often violent. He was fearfully jealous of his wife. Unnecessarily jealous, Delmaine had said.

That caused trouble, apart from other things. After all, there were several quite nice young fellows living in Saint Croix. Maybe, at times, they looked at Mawsom's wife rather more than they need have done. And she—well, she was only human. There was no harm in her. Hadn't Delmaine said so?

He had said other things, also. One of these nights, Delmaine had declared, Mawsom would get really violent and murder her.

At first Sergeant Ball had just smiled at such talk. Delmaine was getting old; he was imagining things. That was before Ball had really set eyes on this man, Mawsom. When he did that, one night along the river—well, he no longer believed that Delmaine's fears were just imagination.

Never, in all his days, had Sergeant Ball seen a more brutal, violent face. He had stared at it askance.

The moon rose; light grew through the woods. Something rustled faintly in the undergrowth at his feet. As he turned to look, he saw Mawsom.

He was coming down the opposite bank, lurching and stumbling as he came. He reached the bridge, staggered across it. His wild, drunken curses came through the night. Sergeant Ball sat there, motionless, his pipe between his teeth, his face set like a grim, cold mask.

Suddenly he saw Mawsom pause. He stood staring along the bank towards his cabin on Bear Bluff. Ball looked also, and his glance was full of deepening apprehension.

A young man had come from the cabin. He was walking away swiftly through the moonlit dusk of the night. The sergeant had seen him more than once down at Saint Croix. Often he took fish to Mawsom's cabin. There was no harm in the young man. His name was Garrick. Delmaine had spoken about him often.

Slowly, his face dark with passion, Mawsom went on along the bank. The sergeant rose furtively and followed.

He saw Mawsom push open the door and lurch inside. The door slammed. There was a moment's silence; then, through the night, he heard a short, sharp scream. . . .

Grimly, he went to the door and hammered on it. Instantly there was dead silence. Then feet scuffled across the floor. The door was jerked open; Mawsom stood there, glaring out into the night.

Behind him stood his young wife. As Sergeant Ball looked, he saw her snatch up a shawl and draw it swiftly about her shoulders. She was a little too late, however, to hide the marks of Mawsom's violence from the sergeant's keen gaze.

Ball thrust a determined foot into the doorway.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

Mawsom attempted to shut the door, but the sergeant remained there, obstinately.

"What do you want?" Mawsom growled. "Nosin' around, are you? Think you've a right of entry, I suppose, just because you happen to wear a uniform?"

The sergeant ignored him. He felt he *had* to, for it was all he could do to keep his hands off the man. He looked, instead, at Mawsom's wife.

"I thought I heard someone cry out just now," he said. "Was it *you*?"

Mawsom swung round; his eyes became fixed on her. It was a wild, terrifying stare. She drew back, white with fear.

"No," she said, "I—I didn't cry out. You—you must have been mistaken."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," Mawsom growled, and slammed the door in the sergeant's face.

He stood hesitating there a moment. Then, a savage look in his face, he turned and began to walk back along the river bank.

Candlelight made Delmaine's house a place of silver and shadow. Delmaine was sitting alone. A book lay open on his knees, but he seemed to be in no mood for reading. Sergeant Ball, respecting his silence, sat down and consumed his supper of cold meat and salad without speaking a word.

"Why that scowl, Sergeant Ball?"

Ball looked up with a slight start, flushing somewhat.

(*continued on page* 38)

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

Submarine Fan Dance

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU have received an invitation to a Sunday-afternoon Submarine Garden Party. You are instructed to bring your bathing suit. You arrive at the Long Island estate, and Jenkins, the butler, greets you. He is wearing a bathing suit, dripping wet, and you recognise him by his side whiskers.

"The master is expecting you, sir. Will you please disrobe in the Blue Room?" he says.

Clad in your bathing suit you follow Jenkins to the lake. A wide flight of marble steps leads down into the water. Your host is sitting on the steps in his bathing suit.

"Hello, John," he says, "You're late. Come on down—everybody's here but you."

Out on the sparkling sunlit surface of the lake bubbles are rising at various points. And here on the steps a bronze helmet is lying. It is turret-shaped, and the whole front half of it is a convex pane of glass. Your host places it over your head. He straps a belt around your waist. The air renewers, the audiphone batteries—all the mechanisms—are ingeniously small, in pouches on the belt. The apparatus is just heavy enough to carry you to the bottom and keep you there comfortably.

Fifteen feet of depth at the bottom of the staircase. You sway along, following your host, descending on a little winding submarine garden path. You weigh no more than five pounds now.

Your host touches his metal-tipped finger to the metal edge of your helmet for audiphone contact. "I think my wife is in the coral garden," says his microphonic voice in your ears. "It's this way."

The water is warm, sparkling clear. The afternoon sunlight comes down in blurred cathedral shafts. On the pink-white sandy path you pass a little swaying forest of marine vegetation. Fishes dart through it—strange-shaped fishes of vivid colours. One gets frightened and belligerently blows itself up into a distended ball.

You round a corner—a gleaming mass of pink-white coral—and you come upon a group of the guests. A man and girl are taunting an electric eel which they have cornered in a coral grotto. They hope it will shock them—and no doubt it will. Another couple have invented some kind of submarine ball game and are vigorously playing it.

And in a sandy dell with a background of coral clumps a slim young girl is dancing. In each hand she holds a huge sea fan which she waves in rhythm to her swaying steps. Submarine fan dance! Slim white-limbed Nereid of the sea. Unhampered by gravity, she leaps, sways, postures gracefully. Modern mermaid!

This is not a very futuristic picture! Did you think that now, this year, to go under water and stay there you need a diver's bloated suit and a lot of skill and courage? Not at all. In Bermuda now, you can walk through the submarine gardens—and teach yourself a submarine fan dance if you like—wearing just your bathing suit and a helmet, very much as I have described.

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"What is the real secret of the charm and elegance for which the Parisienne is so world-famous?" I asked a well-known leader of French Society. We were at a thé-dance in a fashionable hotel. "Look at them," he said. "What is it you notice first? Not the robe or hat, but the complexion. So well cared for—so *soignée*. Every woman has such a smooth 'matt' skin, even in this hot and crowded room. Watch them in the morning in the 'Bois' or at the races in the afternoon—it is always the same."

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CONTINUING

IT *Might Have Been* MURDER

"Am I scowling?"

"You *were*." The old man moved the candles across the table. "What is it? Something is troubling you to-night."

Sergeant Ball sat back from the table. "You're quite right, Mr. Delmaine. Something *is* troubling me."

"What?"

"I—I saw Mawsom to-night."

"Where?" Delmaine's face had become strangely apprehensive again.

"He was crossing the river."

"The worse for drink, I suppose?"

Sergeant Ball got on his feet, his hands clenched hard, a fierce, almost savage light in his steel-grey eyes.

"The swine. . . . Knocking her about. I heard her scream. . . ."

Delmaine shut his book. He sat with his eyes tightly closed, a sort of spiritual fury illuminating his pale features.

"I always suspected," he said, in a low voice, "that he used violence at times. I am right, then."

Sergeant Ball shook with rage.

"If I didn't wear a uniform," he growled, "I'd smash hell out of him."

Delmaine rose. Rigidly he stood, his slight, frail figure almost streak-like against the pale gleam of the candles. For a moment, in sympathy and understanding, he looked at the young sergeant. Then he moved towards the door.

"Good-night, my friend."

"Good-night, Mr. Delmaine."

The old man paused at the door, looked back with a curious little smile.

Sergeant Ball stood there, frowning. He was worried and puzzled by something he had seen again in the old man's face, an expression so subtle, so elusive that it resisted comprehension.

Dawn brought blue skies; a warm wind carried the fragrance of the early summer down from the pines on the Tinnamock Hills. The young sergeant, lounging carelessly on the river bank, saw Mawsom start off for the hills, where he worked at the French-Canadian lumber-camp of La Haute. Mawsom noticed him, also; he grinned, a loose, leering grimace, as he went past. Sergeant Ball ignored him. His temper hadn't quite cooled; he was afraid of himself, just as Delmaine was afraid, although, perhaps, in a very different manner.

Mawsom's wife went down to the river, a bucket in her hand. She was a slender, lovely little thing in the morning light; and yet, in her face, there was still that same grey look of tragedy and resignation.

Carelessly he followed her to the river, paused there as she dipped the bucket in the water, which hissed and swirled past.

As she turned, staring at him nervously, he smiled and extended a hand.

"Won't you let me carry that?" he said.

Somewhat reluctantly, with another scared glance across the river, she released the handle. He took it and walked beside her back to the cabin.

"That *was* you I heard scream last night, wasn't it?" he said. His eyes, as they rested on her face, were very kind.

She stiffened oddly.

"You were mistaken," she said.

"I'm sorry," he said, drawing away from the door, "I thought perhaps I might be able to help you in some way."

She looked at him steadily, and the stark tragedy in her face haunted his memory for many a night afterwards.

"No one," she said, "can help me."

Delmaine was picking fresh flowers in his little garden when Sergeant Ball got back. The sun was warm; below them the swollen river swirled past towards the falls, where it fell with a sullen, mighty roar into the flooded valley.

"A beautiful day."

"Yes," said the sergeant; his voice had a bitter sound.

"Help me put these flowers in some vases, will you?"

They went into the house; it was filled with blue shadows.

"I saw you talking to Mawsom's wife. What did she say?"

"Nothing."

The old man nodded gently.

"I know. Have I not tried to reason with her myself? It is useless, I fear." He placed a silver vase on the window-ledge and sighed. "There is only one thing that will save her."

"What's that?"

The frail old man looked into the garden.

"When Mawsom's grave is dug," he said.

Sergeant Ball shot him a rather curious glance. Then he said, in a gruff voice: "I daresay you're right. I shall be leaving for Wilson Creek at dawn."

Delmaine sat reading his books that evening. Sergeant Ball smoked and watched the river. The stars came into the sky; far below, in the summer night, Saint Croix twinkled dimly.

At last Delmaine put away his books and went into the long narrow room, almost like a monastery cell, where he slept. Sergeant Ball sat and smoked. Once, noiselessly, he went and took a peep into the long narrow room. Delmaine slept soundly. A candle in a tall silver stick was burning on a small table beside the bed. The old man always slept with a light.

Sergeant Ball walked out of the house towards the river. He leant against a tree, smoking, deep in thought. He had been leaning there some time when, turning his head a little, he gave a start. In the doorway of the house Delmaine was standing, the lighted candle in the silver stick clutched in his hand.

The young sergeant stared at him. The old man seemed almost *unreal* as he stood there; a sort of spirit of the old dark dwelling.

"It's force of habit. He used to be a sword swallower."

Ball drew back rather furtively. Steadily, without looking to right or left, Delmaine approached. He passed the deep black shadows where Sergeant Ball stood. He went steadily, almost like some mechanical figure, towards the river.

He reached the long narrow bridge across it. The candle threw an eerie gleam across his face. Furtively Sergeant Ball crept after the old man. Delmaine started to cross the bridge. He reached the middle and suddenly the soft night-wind extinguished the candle in his hand.

The sergeant paused. Delmaine turned slowly, in that odd, mechanical manner. He bent over the bridge. When he rose, he held something in his hand—a board.

Slowly, with a care that seemed almost ridiculous, he dropped the piece of wood into the water which swept and swirled below.

In that same peculiar way, he began to return across the bridge. Fascinated, Sergeant Ball walked behind him. Delmaine went back towards the house. The sergeant quickened his pace. His face expressed a most amazing, a most startled incredulity. As he got up close, he observed that Delmaine's feet were quite bare.

The sergeant stopped dead. His gaze flashed upward to the old man's face. The eyes were shut, the face absolutely immobile.

Delmaine was walking in his sleep.

He went into the house, the door closed. Sergeant Ball stood there, staring at the shut door. Suddenly he whirled on his feet, staring towards the river below him.

Down the opposite bank Mawsom was coming, drunk as usual, lurching crazily singing at the top of his voice.

For an instant Sergeant Ball stood as if he were rooted to the ground, then he broke into a run. As he ran he yelled at Mawsom. But Mawsom, singing and shouting, didn't hear him.

The sergeant came to a sudden stop. He saw Mawsom go staggering on to the bridge, saw him get to the middle of it, saw him lift his arms, stagger, then plunge giddily into the river below.

Ball felt his body go damp. It had all happened so suddenly that it had given him very little time in which to think. In any case, he would never have been in time to save Mawsom.

Weakly he leant against a tree. He thought of Delmaine, loved and respected throughout the Northland, a man who had never done an ugly action, or entertained an ugly thought.

After a long time, furtively, he went into the house. He lay down on the bed provided for him by Robert Delmaine, but he scarcely closed his eyes that night.

Dawn came; he rose and dressed. Delmaine came into the living-room. His face seemed even paler than usual. They had breakfast, and Delmaine scarcely uttered a single word. Sergeant Ball sat with his eyes averted.

Delmaine broke the silence at last: "I woke up in the middle of the night," he said, "my feet were so cold. Odd, I thought it, because the night was warm."

"Very warm," said Sergeant Ball.

The old man smiled faintly; he seemed a little puzzled by something.

"When I woke up," he said, "I was holding one of those candlesticks. I wonder how I came to be doing such a thing?"

Sergeant Ball rose and walked to the door. He stood there, pressing tobacco into his pipe, his eyes watching the river.

"When I was a child," said Delmaine, with a faint smile, "I used to walk in my sleep sometimes. At least, so I was told. But I gave up such a distressing habit long ago." He too; rose from the table and walked to the door. "What a beautiful morning," he said.

"Feels like summer now," Sergeant Ball agreed.

"Yes, summer. . . ." The old man smiled a little sadly. "I wish there could be summer in everyone's heart this morning—yes, even in Mawsom's."

"Still worrying about that?" said Sergeant Ball, gruffly.

Delmaine looked at him in mild surprise.

"Yes, still worrying. I fear some tragedy will happen here one of these nights."

Sergeant Ball put a match to his pipe.

"I've a kind of feeling," he remarked, "that it never will—*now*."

Delmaine shook his head, unconvinced.

"I wish I could feel as sure of that as you do." He turned away from the door. "I—I have a confession to make. It—it is rather a terrible one for a man in my position. You see, I am only human, like the rest of mankind. And often—I have been—tempted."

"Tempted?"

"Yes. By the devil, I think. I have been tempted to—to *kill*."

Sergeant Ball turned slowly.

"You mean this man, Mawsom?"

"Yes. You remember that loose board, how I nearly fell into the river?"

"I remember."

"Well, the—the thought seemed to haunt me afterwards. I was tempted; sorely tempted."

"To do what?"

The old man flushed with shame.

"I was tempted, to—to remove that board one night, so that Mawsom might be flung into the river."

The young sergeant stood with his teeth biting hard into the stem of his pipe, his eyes fixed on the old man's pale, kindly, truthful countenance.

"And last night," said Delmaine, "I had a dream. A very vivid dream. . . . I dreamt I went to the bridge, and removed that board. It—it was so vivid that I suppose it wakened me." There was horror in Delmaine's gentle face. "That would have been *murder*," he breathed.

Sergeant Ball picked up his gloves. He walked slowly out of the door into the sunlight.

Then he turned, with a peculiar little smile, to look back at Delmaine's frail, gentle form.

"I shouldn't let that worry you," he said. "After all, dreams are only—dreams."

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SEND COUPON TO-DAY

You don't know how good brushless shaving can be until you've tried Coro-Shave. Coro-Shave gives you a clean, close shave without "pull" or pain, and leaves the skin gloriously smooth and soft.

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To Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 233), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Please send me seven-day sample of Coro-Shave. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage and packing. *Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.*

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Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write to thank you for the wonderful relief I get from taking your 'ASPRO.' Having been an invalid for the past 12 months and undergone several operations I have endured great pain and many sleepless nights but on taking your 'ASPRO' I always obtain almost instant relief.

I shall always have a word of praise to every sufferer for your 'ASPRO'.

Yours sincerely,
J. SHARP (Mrs).

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Sir,

My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January this year. She writes me she was not sick—thanks to 'ASPRO.'

I would not be without them myself and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
M. PORTER (Mrs).

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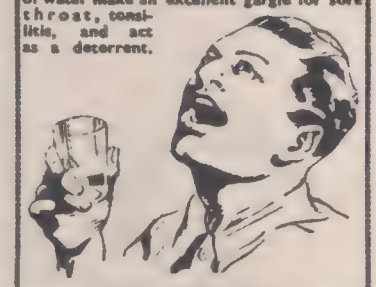

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SECCOTINE
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

Forty-Nine *to* One

WHATEVER you like to say about the advantages of a Celtic strain in a man or woman, I am not prepared to endorse. I should prefer to be plain Anglo-Saxon. But that can never be.

My father's parents were English. My mother's mother was Scottish. Her father was a Dublin man. It is a mixture making for trouble. It has made a lot for me.

One side of me is practical, cool and precise. The other side is none of these things, so that when my Anglo-Saxon half arrives at a wise decision the Celtic blood is too much for me. I do something stupid. That has always been my curse.

In early days this double-nature played havoc with my life. I would take a job. Work like the devil at it. Then chuck it up. That way I missed promotion. People could not understand it. That was not to be wondered at. I could not understand myself.

There is only one cure for the Celtic strain. It is to marry a woman older than yourself. But she must be the right woman. It is worth waiting for the right woman.

I met her just after the war. At a time when my emotional disposition was sadly out of hand. I was either glad or sorry about the Armistice. I am not certain which. But I was like a fish out of water. I am sure of that.

However, presently I met Jessica, and the world changed at once She was very sweet. There was a calmness about her which soothed me, in that when I spurred myself into a temper over nothing she would merely sit and smile. Not that there was anything dull about her. She could be gaiety itself. But she never nagged, or lectured, which, in a woman, is most rare.

It was through her suggestion that I found myself a job. It was a promising opening, and, as usual, I worked very hard. Promotion loomed round the corner. Here, in the ordinary course of event, I should have chucked up the post.

But I did not give myself the sack. Instead, I stuck to my guns. Studied in my leisure. I became a success.

It was all Jessica's doing, really. When I came home in the evening I would air my imaginary grievances for her benefit, or otherwise, whichever you prefer! And she never lost her temper. That saved me every time.

I could never tell where I got my grievances from. It might be that some one was rude to me. Or it might be that some one was polite. I either had too much to do, or I hadn't got enough. I always found something to grumble at. But my wife merely smiled. And she smiled sweetly, so sweetly, that I couldn't take offence.

"You know best, my dear," she would say. "And if we do get stranded, we'll make the best of what is left."

I would feel a brute at that. Would forget my grievance. Would endeavour to explain to her just how sorry I was. She never let me finish, however. Used to walk across and kiss me before I was into my stride.

"Sush, darling," was her comment. "Don't worry about it any more. I quite understand."

Well, gradually the Celtic strain in me dropped off to sleep. For months on end I thought of nothing to complain of. Was happier than I could ever remember to have been. I believed I had conquered my awkward half. I was mistaken. There was a shock in store for me.

Jessica's brother came home from Africa to get married. He and I were very good pals. His girl was very nice. I did not imagine that their wedding would drive me to murder. Would cause me to shoot at the woman I worshipped. Yet, that is what occurred.

At the reception after the wedding I met the best man. I took a dislike to him on sight. I don't know why. But the Celts are like that. They either hate or they love. They have no gift for compromise. Unlike the Anglo-Saxon. But they envy him that trait.

I was seated next to a fat man. His name was Smithers. He wore a monocle. Had been drinking very hard.

"Have you met old Purvis?" he asked.

Purvis was the best man. "Yes," I replied.

"Bit of a lad," went on Smithers. "He and Jessica used to be pretty thick. Still keen on each other, I imagine. By-the-by, they tell me Jessica's married. Have you been introduced to her husband yet?"

"I am he," I said.

I don't know how my voice sounded to Smithers. It seemed more like a snarl to me. And I knew that my eyes were flashing. That they held the devil's light.

"I'm awfully sorry," began Smithers. But I froze him silent with a glare. And God! it was all I could do not to rip his throat out. To kill him like a rat.

We did not exchange another word that day. I have not seen him since. I never wish to meet him again, because. . . . Those with the Celtic blood in their veins find it hard to forgive.

Had I been less of a jealous fool I would have tackled Jessica that night. As it was, however, I fanned my grievance into flame. I remembered various incidents. Could not forget that Purvis had kissed my wife. My imagination tortured me. I was like a fiend on a leash.

By the end of a week I had made up my mind that Jessica would elope with this man from abroad. I saw it all in fancy. Felt the disgrace. Suffered the torments of the damned. Then I determined to stop it. Made up my mind to intervene. And Jessica said nothing of Purvis. That confirmed my suspicions. I forgot that she never volunteered information, unless she was asked for it first.

I managed to hide my feelings. Your imaginative person can do that at a pinch. And he or she can plan a murder. Plan it efficiently. But it will be an open killing. Not a poisoner's underhand work.

I have always had a fondness for firearms. I possessed an automatic pistol then. I took it out and cleaned it. Searched for ammunition. There were only seven rounds left to me. They were useless. Had perished through dampness. I threw them away. It was necessary to obtain a fresh supply.

Next morning I left for the office with a Firearm Certificate in my coat. At lunch-time I visited a gunsmith. He remem-

TRUE LIFE STORIES

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● I took careful aim at Purvis and pulled the trigger

bered me, though I had not been into his shop for years.

"Good-morning, sir. Quite a stranger," he said.

"Yes," I returned. "Haven't done any target-shooting lately. What with the difficulty of getting ammunition and my wife's objections to my keeping a gun in the house, I've let it go for a while. But now I've got the urge to take it up again."

The gunsmith laughed. I laughed with him. I wondered how I could do it. When I was so filled with devil's anger, how could I be so calm?

"These regulations are a nuisance, sir. Very bad for us. And most annoying for gentlemen like yourself."

"That's true." I handed my permit to the gunsmith. "They allow me 150 rounds in three years. And I'm only allowed to hold 50 at a time. Fifty cartridges in a year don't go very far."

The gunsmith smiled his assent. Wrote down the particulars of my purchase in the certificate. (I had requested fifty .32 cartridges.) Gave it back to me. Passed me over two boxes of twenty-five. Accepted five shillings in exchange. I thanked him. Returned to my office again.

Some instinct whispered to me that this very night would see the end of things. I make no excuse. I was mad with jealous rage, as only a Celt can be.

I travelled home early, walking slowly from the station. I entered the lane at the back of my house and peered over the wall. There was Purvis, pacing up and down on the lawn. So my suspicions were justified. My heart nearly broke.

It was some while before I could force myself to look over the wall again through the red mist of blood-lust which swam before my eyes. But when I did look again, Purvis was no longer alone. His back was towards me. He had a woman in his arms.

I drew the pistol from my pocket. I knew what I must do. Kill Purvis. Then my wife. Last of all, myself.

I slipped back the jacket of the automatic pistol. Heard a cartridge rise from the magazine. There were six more to follow when the first should be fired. I took careful aim at Purvis. Pulled the trigger. Cursed savagely when I heard a futile click.

I broke the pistol in the middle. Extracted the useless cartridge. The top was punctured by the firing-pin, though the thing had not gone off. There was nothing wrong with the pistol. I could yet try again.

But when I looked over the wall it was to see my wife emerge through the french-window of our study, smiling, in the way that I loved. And in front of her was Purvis, with a girl on his arm. I staggered. For I felt faint with joy.

Somehow I found the courage to go round to the front of the house. My wife met me in the doorway. She kissed me fondly in greeting.

She disengaged herself and kissed me again.

"You're unusually affectionate to-night, even for you, darling," she said. "And you're early. I'm so glad. Tom Purvis and the girl he is going to marry are here for dinner. I didn't know they were coming this morning, or I would have told you before you left."

I hugged her to me again. She was laughingly trying to escape when Purvis and his girl came along to see what had become of Jessica, having heard her happy voice. I welcomed them warmly. Perhaps more warmly than they had ever been welcomed anywhere before. I loved them at the moment. I loved the world that night.

That was many months ago. My Celtic strain is sleeping. For ever, I hope. But one thing is certain. I shall never think evil of Jessica again. She. . . . Well there are some thoughts you keep to yourself.

As for the pistol, I got rid of it. But not before I had tried out the remaining forty-nine rounds of ammunition. There was nothing wrong with any one of them. And so . . . my Anglo-Saxon half sets it down to coincidence that I attempted murder with the solitary dud. My Celtic strain gives the credit to some higher power above. And sometimes it wishes that one was saved for the fat man who sat next to me at the reception. Yes, one good cartridge for Mr. Smithers. No, says the Anglo-Saxon, he isn't worth it. One would be too much.

Safety Step

Most of us are in a hurry nowadays. Hurrying to keep appointments; hurrying to work; hurrying home from work; hurrying to do some shopping; hurrying—but why go on? There are so many reasons why we hurry and we all know them, anyway.

What we don't always remember is the ever-increasing peril of the street due to the corresponding increase of vehicles on the road. If we must hurry let us at least be careful; a little foresight will provide protection for ourselves and those dependent upon us.

For you who are reading this, there is invaluable protection—and it's *free*. It is THE PASSING SHOW'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Under its Gift of Security, which incorporates no fewer than thirty-seven generous benefits, registered readers are protected while in the street and while travelling by rail, road, sea or air, during recreation and in the home and garden. Last, but not least, there is the benefit provided for Children's Accidents.

All you have to do to secure this free protection is fill in the Registration Forms on page 3. One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

"Poor tired Daddy," said Muriel, "You're like the boy in the Gibbs Fairy Story who was being poisoned by Giant Decay." But Daddy didn't really believe the Fairy story.

However, Mummy gave him a Tin of Gibbs and he thought "May as well use it." The Gibbs fairies soon overthrew Giant Decay who had not really settled in properly.

Next morning Daddy felt much livelier and there was a lovely fresh taste in his mouth. "Can a dentifrice make all that difference?" he thought, and went on using GIBBS regularly.

Both he and Mummy were soon convinced. For now his teeth look fine—he feels brighter and is always ready for a happy romp. ALL the family use Gibbs Dentifrice now.

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YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—*defend them with*

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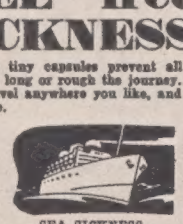

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No entries received after that date can be considered. ACT NOW—buy a tube of BERTRAM'S DUAL-ACTION DENTURE PASTE, and send in your entry.

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SINCE WE CEASED TO SUFFER at the business end of the pedagogic switch, we have often wondered in the intervals of carving lugubrious dithyrambs what the birchman thought of us in the intervals of spreading enlightenment.

While chewing the end of a ragged pen, faced by an accusing sheet of paper that was sullied by only our name "in the top right-hand corner," our eyes would wander to the mathematical genius dozing in his chair, his gold watch-chain on a mountainous blue waistcoat rising and falling like a dinghy riding the tide. His eyes were closed, but his ears were attuned to every sound; he sat there like a greedy idol waiting to avenge every hour stolen from our books. How we hoped that while he was chased by hobgoblins and blondes and other celestial fauna over the crevasses of his subconsciousness, the gods would take pity on us, shattering the world with their thunderbolts. But life went on; a fly buzzed in the warm stillness of the room, and from the sun-drenched world outside there came the clap of ball hitting bat as some luckier schoolmate kept the bowlers at bay; and, if we now seem ungrateful for the beauties of the cosmos, it may be due to those unanswered prayers.

His trunk had fallen

For the pedagogue opened his rheumy eyes at the right time every day and girt his gown about his loins, ready to indulge in the barbaric practices that made us feel the necessity of scholarship. The formula of teaching to him was weals within weals. To him we were merely whipping posts, and the sting of his cane convinced us that the assembled infantry never reached any higher plane in the eyes of the school-master.

FORGIVE US, then, for expressing surprise when we found the milk of human kindness dripping from the pen of Miss M. A. Bullous, of Sheffield, who writes to tell us about her forty-six children. This is not so bad as it sounds, for Miss Bullous, admits that she is a school ma'am. "I teach in a very poor mining district," she says, "and most of my children are deprived of this world's luxuries. Almost every one of them is a victim of malnutrition, yet they still have energy and effervescence enough to be lovable and amusing.

"You would love their little ways. There's the little girl who shouts at the top of her voice in the playground, but never utters a sound above a demure whisper in school. There's young Jimmy who so often comes late to school, saying he has laid too long and blushing all round his neck when I ask him whether it was a nice egg. Then there's Donald, budding dandy, who uses a pungent brilliantine—begged, borrowed or stolen from a larger brother—that seems to explain why the musk lost its fragrance. There's Tom, who wrote 'how many servants of my father have bred enough and to spare,' and is still wondering why I laughed; and Mary who wrote, with malice aforethought, that 'William the Conqueror loved to go into the New Forest to hunt dears'.

"Poor kiddies! They have so few of the joys that should be the birthright of children. Father is out of work; mother is harassed and untidy, eking out a bare existence with several small children in a 'one up and one down' house.

"I wish I could take a few Right Honourable Members of Parliament into the homes of these children. I'd like to have them compare these lives with their own comfortable, well-fed existences, and then, maybe, their 'raucous' patriotic clamouring to spend millions preparing for another war would die away."

And so let us steal away, leaving this school ma'am to battle with the ideals buzzing in her comely head: surely one of the worst practical jokes played on mortals by the gods is the gift of shining ideals that tarnish and rust while they are hawked around in the search for True Believers who could take inspiration from them. To the highly complex mamma with a mission in life we must be a hard-hearted herd, because we wantonly prefer battleships to babies.

DESPITE THE EVIL EFFECTS of international bankers, taxes and sin, we hear amid the cat-calls and the bawling of humanity the plea of Louise Johnston, asking that we track down and execute the offensive fellow who writes in library books.

"You'll know the chap I mean," she says, "because he reads every book under the sun, belongs to every library and has a wide general and technical knowledge about everything on earth. First thing I'd like to know is why he thinks I should worry, because on page thirty-nine the author says it was a 'blazing June day,' while on page forty he has 'Jean and John nestled snugly over the roaring fire.' He doesn't have to pay for the coal.

You're Telling Us!

Uses a pungent brilliantine

SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

"Why does he write excited exclamation marks against such innocent statements as 'Audrey went to the sideboard to help herself to kidneys?' Although he corrects Wells, Walpole and Priestley with equal impartiality, he is a modest bloke for he never signs his handiwork. Do you think, by the way, he is any relation to the man who *would* read the captions aloud in the days of the silent films?"

We cannot claim acquaintance with the damaging devil with a pencil but with all humility, Louise, old dear, we suggest he is a harmless sort of cove. There are many more frightful forms of fun in which he could indulge, don't you know, and it is so easy to turn our vices into virtues and the virtues of others into vices. One of the worst offenders in taking a leaf out of somebody else's book on which to make comments, said, "the best lesson we can learn from seeing the folly of mankind is not to irritate ourselves against it." And that, given freely like so much good advice, is something that quite a lot of us might use for tobacco.

AFTER ALL, the bloke who spends his leisure correcting books that are already well on the way to the incinerator may also perform some useful task for eight hours every day; he may keep the escalator moving, or see that the law takes its devious but definite course, or feed the guinea pigs without which science would be lost, or keep the war lords fed and contented. He may have his uses, for as Mr. Rossman says: "Even a tramp may have his uses." "People look on tramps as a nuisance to the community at large," he adds. "Here is a recent day in my life, I left my residence (a hay-rick) at six a.m., and by the time I had covered eighteen miles I had run a mile to a telephone box to tell the police of a car smash; assisted a farmer to carry three ewes half a mile to his farm; mended a puncture for a girl cyclist; closed a gate left open by 'hikers,' cleaned a sparking plug for a stranded woman motorist; and stopped another motorist to tell him his trunk had fallen from the luggage-rack of his car."

MR. ROSSMAN, we create you Sir Galahad, Knight of the Road, for surely there has not been so much chivalry let loose on Britain since the last of the one-man tanks slipped from his armour and took to his four-poster while his comrades wept over their wine-cups to see such a soldier dying in the greatest of ease. Keep on with the good work, Sir Galahad Rossman, and don't be disgruntled if we seem an ungrateful, peevish crowd; we merely envy you the Freedom of the Road. . . .

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

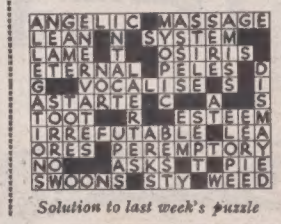
Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

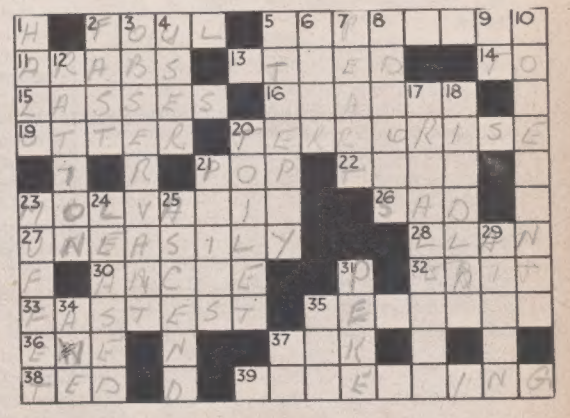
1. Luminous circle.
2. Hasty or secure, as you will.
3. Here a minion takes notice.
4. This ruse will serve here.
5. Male species of 5 across.
6. Matutinal brevity of the poets.
7. Very superior.
8. Payers in welcome guise.
9. Opens 5 down.
10. Story in brief, presumably.
12. Cane for swaggering boy.
17. Loans deer in the evergreens.
18. Haughty feeling.
20. May refer to cosmetic attention.
21. Happiness without alloy.
23. She had a taste for curds and whey.
24. Sealed for the letting.
25. So rise the willows.
29. Ethiopian possibly.
31. Keep a diminutive dog.
34. Miss 23 down may have felt this on a certain occasion.
35. In a bottle or in the sea.
37. Serves with egotistical pronoun.

CLUES ACROSS

2. Not fair.
5. May come over the ocean.
11. Men or horses of the open spaces.
13. Appropriated without legal sanction.
14. Directional word.
15. They are bidden come with lads.
16. Stand with excursional opening.
19. What a beast! The rotter! (hidden).
20. Torment with unfulfilled desire.
21. Move quickly up and down.
22. If you are 3, here, yes here, you will find the means to be so.
23. Olivia's steward.
26. In sorrowful mood.
27. Not without difficulty.
28. A valley in Wales.
30. Cordial plant.
32. Tide takes a turn.
33. Superlative of 2 down.
35. An eye for an eye it may be.
36. We are in this either way.
37. Dead as the dodo.
38. Edwardian familiarity.
39. A "ducking" shall we say?



Solution to last week's puzzle



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A9

I'D LOVE TO GO

...but how can I, with legs like mine

IF YOUR LEGS ARE SPOIL-SPORTS, LET ELASTO PUT THEM RIGHT

What Users of Elasto Say:—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
"Now free from piles."
"Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto my heart is quite sound again," etc.

Elasto, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which *dissolve instantly* on the tongue whence it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Her Friend Said— Take Elasto!

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for: varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, phlebitis, thrombosis, heart troubles, bad circulation, muscular weakness, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, gout, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs. Piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries, arterio-sclerosis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.

You Can Test Elasto FREE!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5/- for a whole month's supply, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed. ★

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(Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

For all Readers of the "Passing Show"

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Not Magic But Acts Like It!

FILL IN THIS COUPON—NOW!

COUPON *For Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

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(Dept. 152), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please Print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS .....

Passing Show, 11/7/36.....

Elasto will save you pounds!

Dubarry

TALCUM POWDER

THE RECIPE FOR CHARM

DUBARRY, 81 Brompton Road, LONDON, S.W.3.

"In the green spaces of the
listening trees
Pan sits at ease,
Watching with lazy eyes
Little blue butterflies
That flicker sidelong in the fitful breeze;
While on his pipe he plays
Quaint trills, and roundelays."

THE AFTER-BATH DELIGHT

FOR cool, satin-like comfort Dubarry Talcum is the dainty woman's necessity. After the bath its caressing softness is a luxurious delight, imparting the fragrance of a newly opened flower.

After tennis, swimming, golf or any outdoor exercise it is cooling and unbelievably refreshing.

Used when dressing for the theatre, dance or dinner, Dubarry Talcum is the finishing touch, giving that desirable feeling of soignée perfection.

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